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THE CONFERENCE.

UNTIL the Conference is closed, and its result accurately known, it will be impossible to form a confident opinion on the motives or the judgment of the various Governments and their Plenipotentiaries. It is highly improbable that responsible and experienced statesmen should have been guilty of the caprice and inconsistency which are from day to day attributed to the members of the Conference, on the authority of a rapid succession of rumours; yet there can be little doubt that the possible firmness or obstinacy of the Turkish Government was at first not sufficiently taken into consideration. If the relations of the different Powers are now accurately reported, the anticipations of non-official politicians will have been in some degree falsified. It had been expected that England and Russia would represent antagonistic systems of policy, and that Germany, and even Austria, would endeavour to maintain the concert which purported to be established by the Triple Alliance. Although it is not necessary to accept implicitly accounts of the cordial co-operation of Lord SALISBURY and General IGNATIEFF, it is certain that the English and Russian Governments have made reciprocal concessions for the purpose of arriving at a friendly understanding. Austria has from the first discouraged excessive pressure on the Porte; and the partisans of Russia complain that a policy which they consider obstructive has been countenanced by Germany. It is perhaps a conjecture rather than an authenticated statement that France is consequently inclining to a combination with Russia, and that Count CHAUDORDY urges arguments which could not be as conveniently advanced by General IGNATIEFF. Notwithstanding latent tendencies of divergence, the members of the Conference found it possible to agree among themselves on the measures which should be adopted for the administration of the Turkish provinces; but it is said that they displayed a want of foresight in presenting their conclusions to the Porte without the previous precaution of ascertaining whether their demands would be conceded. If the censure is well founded, the Russian Plenipotentiary must be exempted from all share in the blame. It was more essential to the attainment of his object that he should obtain the unanimous assent of the Powers to a modified project of intervention than that the measures on which the Conference agreed should be practically applied. Whether Russia, in pursuance of previous declarations, acts alone, or leaves to other Powers a share in the task of coercion, General IGNATIEFF has inclined his colleagues to acknowledge the equity of the Russian demands. The modifications which have, in deference to the objections of the Porte, been introduced into the project are not necessarily distasteful to Russia. An amicable arrangement with Turkey would relieve the Russians from the expense and risk of war; and, on the other hand, a rupture caused by the rejection of comparatively moderate demands would place the policy of Russia in the most favourable light.

It will be premature to adopt any of the various interpretations of the proceedings of the Conference until Lord BEACONSFIELD, Lord DERBY, and Lord SALISBURY himself have the opportunity of explaining the whole transaction in Parliament. According to one theory, the Government, deceived by the military preparations of Russia, was exclusively bent on averting an imminent declaration of war by imposing on Turkey any concessions which might conciliate her formidable enemy. It was supposed that the

Porte would eagerly accept any tolerable conditions of peace, while it was less certain that it would be possible to satisfy the pretensions of Russia. The alleged discovery that Russia is not ready for war, and that Turkey is not desirous of peace, is said to have utterly disconcerted the calculations of the English Government. Much surprise has undoubtedly been caused by the apparently conciliatory temper of General IGNATIEFF; but the assumption that no further surprise is in store seems to be too hasty and too positive. It is at least possible that the seeming backwardness of Russia may be prompted by diplomatic considerations; and that the design of an invasion of Turkey in the spring has never been suspended or abandoned. It is known that the Turkish armaments are incomplete, and in many respects defective, nor is it certain that the rumours of military embarrassment on the other side of the Pruth may not proceed from Russian sources. In the contingency of war there would be a great moral advantage in professing to execute the decrees of united Europe. The real intentions of the Porte are probably better known to General IGNATIEFF than to the best informed newspaper Correspondent. If he had known that no kind of intervention would be allowed, he could lose nothing by substituting for the original plan of occupation a comparatively harmless administration of the provinces by foreign officers commanding Turkish troops under supervision of the Consuls. Some other hypothetical version of Russian policy may possibly prove to be correct. A separate negotiation with Turkey might be facilitated by the withdrawal of English protection; and in a direct agreement concessions more unpalatable to Europe might take the place of demands only obnoxious to the Porte.

If the Turks persist in their refusal, the neutral Powers, and especially England, may perhaps be placed in an embarrassing position. Great Powers assembled in Conference on the affairs of a Government with which they have no direct concern can scarcely confine themselves to merely consultative functions. If the negotiations break down, Russia will invite England to enforce the adoption of the measures which Lord SALISBURY has vigorously supported. The writers of some recent letters to the newspapers have not been deterred by the fear of paradox from proposing that the English fleet, instead of the Russian army, should be employed in the coercion of Turkey. Serious politicians never determine their conduct by logical deductions which happen to lead to flagrantly absurd and mischievous conclusions; but it is true that, in consistency, imperative demands ought to imply the alternative of force. When Lord DERBY, three or four months ago, addressed to the Turkish Government a series of peremptory requisitions, it was pointed out by not unfriendly critics that, while circumstances might perhaps justify an exceptional course, the English Government was undertaking an unprecedented responsibility. Since that time still more tangible pressure has been applied to the Porte. If no result is obtained, there is something undignified in handing over the offender to the mercy of Russia, as mediæval ecclesiastics delivered heretics to the secular arm. Notwithstanding the outrageous misgovernment which prevails in Turkey, interference in the internal administration of the Empire was a violation of the habitual principles of English policy. The innovation could only be excused on the questionable theory that the Porte had been encouraged to its misdeeds by habitual reliance on English protection. There was no doubt that England

commanded much influence at Constantinople; and it was right to use a legitimate authority for beneficial purposes. At present no such instrument is at the disposal of the English Government. An Englishman is probably as unpopular in Turkey as a Russian, and it is not known that any alternative means have been provided for inducing the Porte to listen to English counsels. If the proposals of the Conference, which must by this time have been reduced to the lowest possible terms, are rejected, the mere withdrawal of Plenipotentiaries and Ambassadors will scarcely induce the Turks to yield. A concerted intervention in which all the Powers should take part would be less dangerous than a Russian invasion of Turkey; but it is scarcely probable that Germany, France, or Italy would send an army of occupation into Bulgaria, and Austria has repeatedly refused to undertake the task of pacifying Bosnia and Herzegovina. If the Governments which have taken a secondary share in the controversy stand aloof, England and Russia remain charged with any responsibility which may result from the late negotiations. The English fleet might, if it were thought just and desirable, repeat the exploit of Navarino, while a Russian army, with the consent of England, took possession of Bulgaria. It is to this conclusion that the speeches of Liberal orators tend, though none of them avow a policy which perhaps they have not consciously adopted. The strange reversal of political tradition which has been effected in a few months may perhaps be hereafter regarded as an excuse for Lord DERRY's original disinclination to countenance foreign intervention in Turkish affairs.

It seems that the Russian AMBASSADOR has appealed directly to the moderation and prudence of the Turkish Ministers. If his language is correctly reported, he is careful to consult the susceptibility of the Porte, both by offering larger concessions than could have been expected, and by explaining away the apparent tendency of the proposals of the Conference to impair the sovereign rights of the SULTAN. If the statement is true, the GRAND VIZIER has reason to congratulate himself on his rejection of the original demands. There is a wide difference between a Russian occupation of Bulgaria and the institution of a Turkish police force commanded by foreign officers under a native Christian Governor, to be appointed by the Porte. There remains the difficulty of explaining the conduct of the Russian Government and the words of the EMPEROR himself. Many millions sterling have been expended on the concentration of a great army, which is at this moment ready to cross the frontier of Turkey. If it is at length thought desirable to maintain peace, it is strange that the modified guarantees which now satisfy Russian exigency were not suggested at an earlier period. A compromise arranged on terms unexpectedly favourable to the Porte would be attributed to a sudden discovery that the enterprise was too dangerous to be attempted; and for some years to come Russia would be deprived of the diplomatic resource which is furnished by the power of intimidation. The only Governments which at present seem to have displayed even negative wisdom during the recent complications are those which most carefully declined the responsibility of interference. The English change of policy was in great measure forced on the Government by domestic agitation; the Turkish Constitution was devised to satisfy imaginary European prejudices; and finally, the subdued demeanour of Russia is a confession of previous rashness, unless indeed it is assumed for an ulterior object. If the Russian Government has determined upon war, it cannot too carefully disclaim ambitious designs.

THE BLOCK IN CHANCERY.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN has written an instructive and opportune letter to the *Times* in which he draws attention to the overwhelming press of business in the Chancery division of the High Court. The Judges work as hard as men can work, and, at any rate in the MASTER of the ROLLS, they offer an astonishing model of acuteness, energy, and despatch. But, hard as they work, they cannot nearly keep down the business that is cast upon them. In January 1875, before the Judicature Acts came into force, the number of cases set down for hearing was 317. There was a slight increase a year ago. At the present moment the number is no less than 630. In other words, as Mr. MORGAN says, the Judicature Acts have just

doubled the amount of work thrown upon the Courts. But Mr. MORGAN does not set out his whole case. Chancery Judges not only decide cases, but supervise a large system of administrative machinery. Their Chief Clerks are functionaries engaged in facilitating and regulating procedure, and in determining a host of minor matters incidental to suits. To say that the Chief Clerks are overworked is to give a very feeble notion of the real state of things. They cannot possibly do one half of what they are supposed to do. Their chambers are simple bear-gardens in which free fights go on in order that the strongest and most reckless may get attention. It is a common thing to be told, when a simple uncontested order is wanted, that every moment of the Chief Clerk is bespoken for the next month. In contested business there must always be delay, as the rights of the parties have to be ascertained. But a very large part of the daily work of Chancery consists of business that is not contested at all. The public always thinks of Chancery as a place where very long suits go on for a very long time. This, so far as it relates to suits, is only true as regards the past. But it is a great mistake to suppose that Chancery is merely a tribunal which hears suits. It is a great department of State administration. An executor, for example, has to deal with a legacy left to a minor. To keep the money in hand during the minority of an infant is a most disagreeable and anxious duty to an honest and cautious man. The State offers most properly to take care of the money for him, and to pay it over to the infant when the age of majority is attained. It, in fact, provides a Savings Bank where the money can be safely deposited at a low rate of interest. Chancery is this Savings Bank. It, on behalf of the State, takes the money, and in due time pays it over. But the machinery at its command is now quite inadequate for the performance of the duties of a Savings Bank. The Chief Clerk is in the position of the Postmaster, and ought to be able to give the order for payment directly the proper papers are presented. But, as things are now, it is as difficult to get at the Chief Clerk and find him at leisure to make the necessary order as it would be for a depositor in a Savings Bank to get his money if he was told that the Postmaster was in prison, and was not expected to be released for three months. This is not at all the fault of the Chief Clerks, who are most competent and zealous officials. But the State does not provide the hands sufficient to work the machinery it has set up. It expects one Postmaster to do the work of twenty.

The delays in the judicial part of the work of Chancery are no doubt partly to be attributed to the increase of jury trials; and this increase is in a large degree to be attributed to the provisions of the Judicature Acts. But the delay is also to be partly attributed, as Mr. MORGAN points out, to the very absence of jury trials which still remains a characteristic of Chancery procedure. In very many cases suitors dread the uncertainty of juries, and greatly prefer the chance of getting a fair decision from a patient, experienced, impartial judge. Therefore suitors who would abandon their rights rather than face the contingencies of a jury trial think it worth while to see how far the law will help them if they can get a Chancery Judge to hear and dispose of their case. The very excellences of the system established by the Judicature Acts have helped to make the sphere of litigation more extensive. Mr. MORGAN is probably not saying too much when he says that the English system of procedure is now the least technical, instead of being, as it was, the most technical, in Europe. The belief is now instilling itself into the public that a case will be decided simply on its merits; and that such a belief should have been created is the best and highest reward which those who framed and carried the Judicature Acts could wish for. When honest suitors think that a case will be decided according to its merits, and that some technical slip will not mulct them in hundreds of pounds, they are, we will not say, willing—for no sensible person could ever be willing, but not very unwilling—to go to law, especially if they think that they will know their fate one way or the other in a reasonable time. No one who is acquainted with the course of business in England will fail to agree with Mr. MORGAN that what has hitherto checked litigation in England, so far as it has been checked, has been the dread, not of justice, but of injustice. That cases are now decided much more on their merits than they used to be necessarily promotes litigation, and although this tells more perhaps in the Common

Law Courts, where the failure of justice used to be more conspicuous, still the provisions of the Judicature Acts have given the Chancery Judges greater powers of doing justice than they formerly possessed, and this is perhaps the most influential of all the causes which have created the present block in the Chancery Courts.

Mr. FINLASON, in his recent work on the Judicature Acts, which, in spite of its extremely inconvenient form and burdensome repetitions, is a valuable and thoughtful essay on the history, provisions, merits, and demerits of this ambitious attempt at legal reform, has endeavoured, with considerable success, to trace the reasons, some permanent, others artificial and temporary, which have given rise to the separation of causes into those in which a jury is called, and those in which it is not called, to intervene. The end of all discussion is that in the Chancery Courts some cases must be tried before a jury, but that the Judges may rightly discourage such trials whenever a conflict of evidence does not form the basis of the controversy. There is a farther question as to whether a case should be tried before a jury in a Chancery Court which must always sit in London, when it would be much quicker and cheaper to have it tried in the country. An angry dispute arose on this point last summer, the champions of the Common Law division maintaining that it was unfair in the Chancery Judges to shirk their work and make the Common Law Judges do it for them; the champions of the Chancery division contending, on the other hand, that the main thing to be thought of is the convenience of the public. It certainly seems most undesirable that the enormous cost of bringing witnesses to London, and keeping them there, should be imposed on suitors whenever it can possibly be avoided. Mr. MORGAN relates an anecdote of a witness who in a recent case was questioned as to the state of a watercourse in Wales, and replied that he could not say anything as to its state during the three previous weeks, as through the whole of that period he had been kept dangling about Lincoln's Inn until he was wanted. Such an absurdity ought to be impossible, and would be impossible under any proper system of management. We always come back to the same point. The machinery of Chancery is excellent, but the hands to work it are too few. There are not Judges enough, and there are not officials enough. What Mr. MORGAN asks for is the creation of two new Judges with a corresponding increase in the staff. It is a very moderate demand, and he is able to make it without any imputation of personal motives, as the party to which he belongs is not in power. He estimates the cost at 20,000*l.* a year, and the greater part of this cost will be defrayed by the suitors themselves and not by the nation. But if the whole cost fell on the nation it would be as good an outlay as the nation could possibly make. The creation of additional Chancery Judges is as much a necessary part of the general scheme of the Judicature Acts as the creation of the numerous Judges of Appeal, for whom the country has shown its perfect willingness to pay what was necessary. We offer justice, and for many suitors there are no Judges. We offer a superior kind of Savings Bank, and for many depositors there are no Postmasters. This is a state of things too foolish to continue, and the sooner an alighted Government puts an end to it the better.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT OXFORD.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, like most other persons in a prominent political position, has found it necessary or convenient to address a public meeting on the Eastern question before the beginning of the Session. He spoke at Oxford to his own supporters, and he was not only speaking as a Liberal leader to Liberal electors, but he was at the same time introducing a new Liberal candidate, who proposes to contest Mr. HALL's seat at the next opportunity. He therefore very naturally occupied himself with putting as strongly as he could the case of the Liberals against the Government. He did not help his countrymen to understand what, in the present very complicated crisis, ought now to be done. His business was to blame the Government, to show that the blame hitherto bestowed on them was merited, and to show that it had been successful. He traces this success in two directions. The Government has, he says, turned absolutely round in its Turkish policy. It has thrown overboard the independence of Turkey and the sanctity of the Treaty

of 1856, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and most Liberals contend that this is their doing, and claim the honour of having converted the Ministry. In the next place, the Government is said to have lost ground in the constituencies. This is of all results of the controversy the one most gratifying to a Liberal leader, and although its truth is very difficult to establish, as no one can say what would really happen at elections which are not going to be held at present, yet the current of opinion on the subject is so very general that there must be some ground for it. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pointed out, the Ministerial papers have already begun to wail over the defections they have experienced or anticipated, and they must be taken to know their own business, and to be crying out because they are hurt. Then, again, in Oxford itself, the municipal elections, which are there, as in too many other places, purely political contests, have recently shown a large Liberal gain; and just as in the latter days of the GLADSTONE Ministry the Conservative gains in the municipal contests showed Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT that the Liberals would soon be out of power, so the change the other way now shows him that the Liberals will be soon in again. There is nothing improbable in this, and it may be added that all trustworthy accounts of the present feeling of the constituencies concur in assigning a far larger amount of present influence to Mr. GLADSTONE than the criticism justly and freely bestowed on him in London would lead those not acquainted with the premisses to believe possible. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT also effectually disposed of the common assertion that there is a sort of split in the Liberal party itself, and that the steady Whigs distrust and are distrusted by their more enthusiastic friends. As on the same evening Mr. FAWCETT, in speaking at Hackney, touched on the same point, and avowed his perfect confidence in Lord HARTINGTON, there does not seem much more to be said on the subject. It is not often that Mr. FAWCETT enjoys the pleasant feeling of perfect confidence in any one; and if the moderate and sensible leader of his party now awakes this feeling, there can be very little justification for the supposition that the Liberal party is disunited with regard to the great question of the day.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT discussed two subsidiary points on which, if he was to be allowed to put them in the shape most convenient to him, there is no reasonable ground for disagreeing with him. He contended that the enthusiastic denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities was natural, just, and due to the right feeling and wholesome indignation of the English people. No doubt it was, and it was quite right that those who felt how much light the massacres threw on the general character of Turkish misgovernment should take every means of denouncing the notion that we ought to help Turkey, and back her with our diplomatic support, if not with our arms, whatever she might do. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT also protested against the assumption that the English people would be bound to stand by in humble silence while they were being dragged into a war of which they disapproved; and he quoted the instance of the American war a hundred years ago, when almost every statesman whose name posterity respects opposed to the utmost a war which the King, the Ministry, and the people were carrying on with impassioned eagerness. No one but a mere partisan of a Ministry would dispute for a moment that, if there is a real danger of that Ministry dragging the country into an unjust and impolitic war, the opponents of their policy are not only entitled, but bound, to speak out plainly; to appeal loudly to the public; to argue and declaim as much as they please, so as to avert the danger of war while there is still time to do so. To have gone to war on behalf of Turkey without seeing that the Bulgarian massacres were punished and made impossible for the future would have been a most unjust and impolitic war; and every peaceable method of opposition to such a war would have been perfectly legitimate. But, in order to make out the case against the Ministry, it must be assumed in the first place that the Ministry was indifferent to the Bulgarian atrocities, and in the next, that the Ministry was ready to support Turkey by arms or diplomacy. The real fact is that, so far as Lord BEACONSFIELD is concerned, there was some ground for the Opposition making these assumptions, while as to the rest of the Ministry there was not. Lord BEACONSFIELD, however, is not only the head of his party, but much the most eminent man belonging to it, and although his colleagues have kept clear of his mistakes and have done more and more to rectify them,

still it cannot be said to be unfair that a Liberal leader addressing a popular constituency should make his adversaries generally responsible for the indiscretions of their head. But this is not all. If the case of the Opposition against the Ministry deserves to be effectively stated, so does the case of the Ministry against the Opposition, and especially against Mr. GLADSTONE; for if the Conservatives are to answer for their chief, so ought the Liberals to answer for theirs. So far as there was an ebullition of legitimate indignation and a protest against an unjust war, there is nothing to be said. If all that was to be said had been that we detested cold-blooded cruelty, and would not fight for Turkey, everything would have been simple. But the Eastern question did not admit of this easy kind of treatment. Besides detesting cruelty and not fighting for Turkey, we had to say what should be done with European Turkey. What Mr. GLADSTONE proposed was that the Turks, or at least all Turkish officials, should be driven out of Europe. This the Ministry contended was impossible except through a great war, and then the remedy would be worse than the mischief. If we compare what Lord SALISBURY is asking for at Constantinople, and in asking for which he receives so much approbation from Liberals, we find the widest possible departure from the proposal of Mr. GLADSTONE. The Ministry may just as well boast of having converted the Opposition as the Opposition of having converted the Ministry; and the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE is as much out of date as the policy of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

Constituencies cannot, even under the most skillful guidance, be induced to go into the details of what Ministers have done, or to study what months ago Lord DERBY said or wrote or failed to say or write. But Parliament will necessarily and properly make the inquiry; and, although the Ministry is open to much just criticism, it may be doubted whether the discussion that will be provoked will be very damaging to the Government. No one, of course, can venture to say that Lord DERBY is a great and original statesman; that he has shown prevision, boldness, or largeness of conception. But it is, perhaps, not too much to say that he has hammered on as well as most plain, sensible, cautious men would have done, and we cannot expect our FOREIGN MINISTER to be a genius. The great point of the Opposition against Lord DERBY is that he did not make any counter-proposals to the Berlin Memorandum; and it is quite fair in the Opposition to lay stress on this point, for, as they raised it last Session, their present line about it cannot be described as an afterthought. It is quite true that Lord DERBY was most strongly urged by France and by Austria to say what England thought ought to be done if the Berlin Memorandum was to be rejected. Prince BISMARCK announced that the Berlin Memorandum was quite open to revision, and might be altered so as to please England; while Russia gained the advantage of being able to say that she was burning to act with England, only that England would not give the slightest intimation as to what she wanted. The Servian war was, in a manner, the consequence of the attitude taken by Lord DERBY, and it may therefore be said that it is Lord DERBY who has raised the Eastern question in its present shape. If Lord DERBY could have foreseen what was coming, and had made in June last the same proposals which Lord SALISBURY is now making at Constantinople, a vast amount of misery and bloodshed might no doubt have been spared, and the Turks would then probably have yielded much more readily than now. But when Lord DERBY is blamed for not doing in June what he is concurring in doing now, it must be remembered that his critics found their criticism on events which last June were wholly unknown. The conduct of Lord DERBY last June ought to be measured as if the Bulgarian atrocities had never taken place, and it was these atrocities which at a later date successively converted the public, the Liberals, and the Ministry. The Liberal converts now blame Lord DERBY for not having been converted at a time when they themselves were not converted, and when it was impossible that he should have been converted. After the Bulgarian atrocities were known the policy of Lord DERBY was altered, and then the whole question is whether he changed his policy with sufficient rapidity and decision. Here the greatest allowance must be made for the difficulties he had to encounter. He had to defend Constantinople, and he had to take into account the wavering disposition of Austria, the silent game of Prince

BISMARCK, and the vast perils of a great war. He made some indisputable mistakes, but not many, nor of a very serious kind; and the fair issue is not whether he was always right, but whether he was not as right in the main as a commonplace, honourable, patient man can be properly expected to be in the protracted and varying course of a most complicated business.

GREEKS AND SLAVES.

THE reasonable or natural pretensions of the Greeks of the Kingdom on behalf of their countrymen within the Turkish dominions add a new and unavoidable complication to the Eastern difficulty. Some time since Mr. GLADSTONE called attention to the Greek claims, while he prudently declined to assert that their case lay within the competence of the European Plenipotentiaries at Constantinople. His own undisguised wish that Epirus and Thessaly should be added to the free Greek State can scarcely be gratified except in the event, which is not immediately probable, of a general partition of the Turkish Empire. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL wished in 1862, when they surrendered the Ionian Islands to Greece, to correct the error committed by the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord ABERDEEN in confining the liberated territory within its present narrow limits. Prince LEOPOLD would have accepted the Crown of Greece in 1829 if the Great Powers would have added Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete to the State which had already been recognized as independent; and the sagacious statesman who afterwards administered the constitutional Government of Belgium would probably have laid in Greece the foundations of order and material prosperity. At present the Greeks would not be satisfied with the acquisition of a part of the territory which they regard as properly their own; and it may be doubted whether they would accept the gift of Epirus and Thessaly if they were required at the same time to renounce their title to the wider lands in which they encounter Slavonic rivalry. The Conference will assuredly not undertake to deal with any question of territorial sovereignty. The original Russian proposal of an occupation of Bulgaria was not professedly incompatible with the rights of the SULTAN. The question whether the Greek subjects of Turkey are entitled to the protection of the Powers assembled in Conference depends in some degree, as Mr. GLADSTONE admitted, on the accuracy of the statement that all or some of the Governments had urged the Court of Athens to use its influence for the discouragement of a Greek insurrection. According to some versions, intervention on behalf of the subject Greeks was expressly promised; and in any case counsels and requests imply the offer of suitable consideration. The duty and policy of the Powers, and especially of England, ought to be determined, even if the Conference proves abortive; for a diplomatic rupture with Turkey would only adjourn, and perhaps enlarge, the need of European interference.

Two speakers, quoted by Mr. GLADSTONE, asserted at a meeting held in Athens some time since that "the Powers" have made use of every means to repress the disposition "of the Greeks to war, by promising that the Greek nation, which for the time refrained from complicating the situation, should at the settlement obtain the same advantages as the Slaves." The statements of non-official orators at public meetings scarcely amount to evidence; and the assumption that the Greeks were disposed to war must be regarded as a flourish of rhetoric, inasmuch as the Government of Athens had no force at its disposal. The formal declaration of Mr. COUTOSTAULOS, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Hellenic Chamber, furnishes more authentic information. In an able speech, the Minister, after showing that the country was utterly unprepared for war, expressly asserts that Europe was at the outbreak of the insurrection unanimously anxious to maintain peace, and that "all the Powers in common held the same language to us; all have addressed to us the same intimations, the same advice, the same recommendations." When, after the publication of the Berlin Memorandum, a divergence of policy seemed to impend between England and Russia, the pacific recommendations of the Powers were not retracted, and Mr. COUTOSTAULOS candidly admits that his Government found an additional reason for neutrality in the expediency of waiting to ascertain which side might be most advantageously taken in case of a contest. After the beginning of the Servian war,

the Powers still recommended peace. At a still later period the disposition of the Greek Government seems to have been changed. It had, says the Minister, been assumed that the Powers would never allow the Greek subjects of Turkey to be placed in a more unfavourable situation than Christians of other races. When doubts arose on the most essential point, measures were taken for providing armaments which might tend to secure the just rights of the Greek population. It is believed that, from deficiency of resources, the efforts of the Government have produced but little effect, and at present there would seem to be no probability of a war between Turkey and Greece. The rumoured policy of the Conference seems to have excited alarm and irritation, which are primarily directed, not against the Porte, but against the favoured clients of the European Plenipotentiaries.

The grievances of which the Greeks complain are fully expounded both in the "Greek epilogue" to Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet, and in a letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. BYZANTIOS, editor of the Greek journal *Iméra*. In the first place, any fiscal relief which is afforded to one province or to one part of the population necessarily entails, in default of a retrenchment which has not been announced, additional burdens on the rest of the subject community. The Greeks and the Slaves have, as Mr. BYZANTIOS says, been two beasts of burden compelled to draw the weight of the lazy Turk. If the traces of one of the pair are slackened, the collar presses with additional severity on the other. The original scheme of the Plenipotentiaries, derived from the ANDRASSY Note, required the expenditure for provincial purposes of the whole, or of 90 per cent., of the revenue arising in Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. The loss to the Porte would, according to Mr. BYZANTIOS, amount to 2,000,000*l.* annually, and the reduction would be made up by additional taxation on the provinces which were not included in the project of the Conference. In this respect MIDHAT PASHA'S Constitution, if not more equitable in its probable operation, is at least more plausible on its face. A stronger feeling of resentment is produced by the supposed recognition of the Bulgarians as the dominant race in large districts south of the Balkan. Mr. BYZANTIOS disputes the accuracy of the German map on which the Plenipotentiaries are believed to rely; and he challenges a statistical inquiry into the numbers of the competing races in Thrace and Macedonia. On the title to Constantinople he is prudently reticent, though it is well known that the Greeks would far rather see the Turkish possession of the capital indefinitely prolonged than allow it to become a Slavonic city. Mr. BYZANTIOS repeats the assertion of the Hellenic FOREIGN MINISTER that the English Government had virtually promised protection to the Greeks on condition of their maintaining peace. His report of an answer made by Sir H. ELLIOT to a Greek deputation scarcely confirms his general statement. The English AMBASSADOR told the deputies that there was no Greek question before the Conference, because the Greeks had not risen in insurrection. If Mr. BYZANTIOS correctly repeats the answer of General IGNATIEFF to the same or another deputation, it would seem that the English Government had at some period really urged on the Greeks the maintenance of peace.

It must not be forgotten that the Greek MINISTER officially states over and over again that all the Powers, of course including Russia, had deprecated any encouragement of insurrection. Nevertheless Mr. BYZANTIOS says that a few days before the date of his letter General IGNATIEFF said to a Greek deputation, "I have advised you in time to raise a Greek question at the price of your blood. You have not listened to me. You have preferred to follow the advice of England, and here is the consequence." The Russian AMBASSADOR added that when the proceedings of the Conference were published, it would appear that he alone among the Plenipotentiaries had defended the cause of the Greeks. If both Mr. COUTOSTAULOS and his countryman Mr. BYZANTIOS may be trusted, the Russian Government, at the same time, in concert with the other Powers publicly recommended the Greeks to keep the peace, and through its AMBASSADOR urged them to disregard the counsels of England by rising in insurrection. It is perhaps not worth while to investigate a charge of crooked policy which would probably be found not to stand alone; but it is not surprising that the Turkish Government should be backward in accepting the proposals of a diplomatist who is scarcely careful to conceal his simultaneous prosecution of covert hostility. At pre-

sent it would seem that the Greeks join with the Turks in opposing the demands of the Conference, although they affect no friendship for the Porte. Their object is not to prevent, but to share, any concessions which may be extorted from the ruling race. A collapse of the negotiations would remit them to a consideration of their own interests and prospects. It may probably be true that General IGNATIEFF proposed to the Conference the extension of their projected reforms to Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia. Lord SALISBURY is said to have replied that he had no instructions to deal with the question. It is unlucky that the Greeks should be compelled to resort to the patronage of Russia; but the Conference had already enough to do.

THE FRENCH BUDGET.

IT is not a happy arrangement that M. LÉON SAY should have to bring in the Budget for 1878 before the controversies excited by the Budget for 1877 should have had time to die down. Anything perhaps is better than the postponement of the Budget to an extraordinary Session, and in order to prevent the error of last year from being repeated this year, it may be necessary to give finance the first place in the order of business. It is at best, however, a necessary evil. The two subjects which it is most dangerous for the French Legislature to approach in its present temper will again present themselves before the new Prime Minister has had time to get settled in his seat. The Ecclesiastical Estimates are certain to be attacked from opposite quarters—from the Right because they are too parsimonious, from the Left because they are too liberal. Nothing else has the power of evoking French passion that is possessed by any question which borders, however remotely, on religion. Even a debate on the crimes of the Commune would hardly send such a sword into the Chamber of Deputies as is sent by a motion to raise the salary of a badly-paid parish priest by a pound or two a year. The fountains of the great deep are at once broken up, and the Chamber grows wildly excited over the details of clerical housekeeping and the precise amount of what are known in England as surpluses. The alleged logic of the French character is never less visible than in a debate of this kind. It might be supposed that, when it has been decided that the State is to go on paying the clergy, the only question left to be considered is whether the pay it is proposed to give them is sufficient for their decent maintenance. This is not at all the way in which a French deputy looks at it. If he belongs to the Right, he defends a motion to pay every parish priest at least a thousand francs a year on the ground that there can be no sound morality outside the Catholic Church. If he belongs to the Left, he insists on knocking off a hundred francs from this figure, on the ground that the profession of Christianity necessarily entails intellectual degradation. A communion so vast as the Catholic Church can never hope to be absolutely free from scandals, and the lives of Atheists are not invariably examples of every ethical virtue. Both these circumstances are used to give point to the attacks made by each side on their adversary's religion or irreligion, and there is always enough of truth in the allegation to make it not absolutely stingless. After having undergone this kind of discipline in the late autumn, the Chamber is now about to undergo it over again in the early spring.

It would be well for the tranquillity of France if this debate, violent as it is, could at least come to an end in the Chamber of Deputies. But as soon as it is over there, it will be renewed with equal violence in the Senate. If the permission to make alterations in the Budget, which is virtually given by the Constitution to the Senate, was introduced of set purpose, the donor must certainly have been the malevolent fairy of nursery story. By clever management and a mutual desire to find a compromise, the danger has been averted for the time. But it remains a rock of offence in the relations of the two Chambers to one another. The Senate will be compelled to make some alterations in the next Budget on pain of surrendering their right to review the financial conclusions at which the Deputies have arrived. There have been instances, no doubt, where a claim has been abandoned within a very short time of its successful vindication; but it is not probable that the claim of the Senate to amend money Bills will furnish an additional example of this sudden change of purpose. The Right build too many hopes on the possible action of the Second

Chamber to dispose them to be content with the scanty honours of a single victory. The Session which has just opened is likely, therefore, to give abundant occasion to M. SIMON'S powers of conciliation. He will have to use his influence with the majority in the Chamber of Deputies to prevent them from curtailing the Ecclesiastical Budget too rudely; with the majority in the Senate to prevent them from replacing all the items struck out by the Deputies; with the majority in the Chamber again to bring about a compromise; and with the majority in the Senate to secure acquiescence in this compromise. M. SIMON has the reputation of having been remarkably successful in his management of the Episcopate when he held office under M. THIERS, and the charge most commonly brought against him by his enemies is that he is too much of a diplomatist to be a statesman. At this moment perhaps the former qualification may be the more valuable of the two. It is greatly to be desired in the interest of the Republic that there should be no more Ministerial crises for some time to come. With parties distributed as they are at present, it is difficult to prevent the public imagination from running on from an actual crisis in the Cabinet to a possible crisis of larger proportions.

To all appearance the principal financial conflict will relate rather to the Estimates than to the Budget, properly so called. M. LÉON SAY has a small deficit to provide for, but scarcely more than he may hope to see covered by the natural increase of the revenue. M. GAMBETTA will, it is said, be content with his victory on the Salt-tax, and will abstain from proposing any further changes of importance in the sources from which the revenue is derived. No doubt there is more than enough room for the introduction of theoretical improvements; but, when an expenditure of over a hundred millions sterling is provided by taxation, it is seldom wise to introduce any changes that are not imperatively called for. This vast revenue is raised, and raised apparently without any serious cause for complaint being given in the process. This is so wonderful a fact, it tells so much of the riches of France and of the extent to which the existing system of taxation has allowed these riches to grow and develop, that a prudent French financier must have a certain dread of laying hands on an arrangement which, while it is in part the offspring of accident, has produced results which have surprised the most ingenious calculators. German economists are not more foolish than their neighbours, and yet an indemnity which, as they thought, must cripple France for years has been provided without difficulty. English economists have some experience of what heavy taxation means, yet a burden which, as many of them thought, would be productive of great and natural discontent, has been borne without murmuring, and to all appearance without suffering. It is not strange that M. LÉON SAY should be unwilling to try the tremendous experiment which M. GAMBETTA suggested in the discussion on the last Budget. He knows that he can get the money that is wanted by the present duties, and he cannot be equally sure that, if the machinery of indirect taxation were abolished or tampered with, he would have anything like the same security from an Income-tax. He knows that, now that the Salt-tax is out of the way, there is no tax that much irritates the taxpayer, and he has only to look at England to see how much dissatisfaction can be excited by such an impost as M. GAMBETTA would have him introduce into France. It does not follow that these considerations should always be paramount with a French Finance Minister. To say this would be to put an impassable barrier in the way of financial improvement. But the considerations which make it desirable that there should for the present be as few changes as possible in the composition of Ministries make it also desirable that there should be as few changes as possible in the theoretical elements of a Budget. Taxes which needlessly pinch the taxpayer, or which are unprofitable in comparison with the cost of collection, or which prevent the growth of any special industry, or discourage the commercial progress of the country, should of course be repealed, provided that the sense of restlessness and uncertainty produced by their repeal would not outweigh the economical benefit. But where the motive for change is not so much that this tax is bad as that another tax would be better, very great weight ought to be attached to those general considerations which point to the expediency of accustoming the French nation to regard the Republic as something else than a new broom. There is not the least fear that

the peasantry or the commercial classes will think it too much disposed to walk in the old paths; but there is some fear lest they should be tempted to listen to those who tell them that permanence and stability are incompatible with a Republic, and that if they value these characteristics they must seek them in some other form of government. It is M. LÉON SAY'S business as well as M. JULES SIMON'S to take care that the policy of the Cabinet gives no colour to any such representations.

AMERICA.

THE Americans, who ought to understand their own business, expect from the Committee or Committees appointed by both Houses of Congress a settlement of the disputed Presidential election. It is much more important that there should be some kind of compromise or agreement than that either party should succeed. Both candidates are personally competent; and even if the differences between Republican and Democratic policy were more distinct than they are, the President has but an infinitesimal share in the conduct of legislation. A large section of the Democratic party professes Free-trade doctrines; but it is improbable that during the next Presidential term any serious alteration will be made in the tariff. There is no reason why foreign politicians should entertain a preference for either party. The Northern Republicans are perhaps socially superior to their opponents, and, on the other hand, the whole property and cultivation of the South belong to the Democrats. One party is charged on plausible evidence with the employment of violence and intimidation in South Carolina and Louisiana, and the adverse faction has disregarded all the rules of propriety and justice in manipulating the election returns. The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives has lately perpetrated an act of discourtesy to England, by receiving an address from certain Irish agitators who describe their constituents as the Irish nation. A similar act on the part of the English House of Commons would produce in the United States a demand for war; but it is natural that a more responsible and more powerful Assembly should be expected to pay greater regard to international law and to its own dignity and character. Many Democratic members are returned by the aid of Irish votes, for which they in their own opinion pay cheaply by countenancing Irish disaffection. The PRESIDENT had previously refused to receive the address; and perhaps the House of Representatives was anxious to show its indifference to the scruples of a Republican Government. There is no reason to suppose that either Mr. HAYES or Mr. TILDEN will recur to the old practice of introducing into Presidential Messages affronts to England. Mr. BUCHANAN first discontinued the custom; and his successors have only on two or three occasions thought fit to revive it.

Some English writers have been hasty in anticipating the recommendations of the Committee of Congress. It has been suggested that the votes of the three doubtful States should be rejected, with the result of not giving either candidate the necessary majority of votes. If such a proposal were made and adopted by Congress, the election of President would be transferred to the House of Representatives, which would at once choose Mr. TILDEN. The Senate would in that contingency have to content itself with the election of Mr. WHEELER as Vice-President; and it is assumed that the Republicans would be consoled for a substantial defeat by the preferment of one of their candidates. Although it is perhaps impossible to devise a better plan, there is no reason to suppose that the Committee will award the prize of victory to the Democrats. There is also a minor difficulty in the proposed exclusion of Mr. HENDRICKS, who was nominated in compliment to the Western Democrats as a supporter of a paper currency. The office of Vice-President is in fact a sinecure, except that he has a chance of succeeding to the higher office. In the meantime it matters nothing whether Mr. WHEELER or Mr. HENDRICKS is appointed; but the whole contest has from the first been regarded as a trial of strength, and neither party will readily acknowledge itself beaten. It will be interesting to learn whether patriotism will so far prevail over party spirit as to contrive and adopt a compromise before the day of election. Even if the Committee fails to discover a solution, there is no danger of revolution or violence; but the office of President, and even the Constitution itself, will have been discredited. Americans regard

with excusable jealousy any foreign criticism of their political system, and especially any pretension to constitutional superiority; but it is impossible for Englishmen not to fancy that there is some advantage in the process of natural selection by which Prime Ministers are produced. It is difficult to imagine any circumstances in which it could be doubtful whether Lord BEACONSFIELD or Mr. GLADSTONE was First Lord of the Treasury. Neither party in the United States shows any disposition to make use of the peculiar and valuable institution of the Supreme Court for the judicial determination of a contested election. In South Carolina the corresponding State tribunal has been contumeliously overruled in its interpretation of the law. Probably neither the Republicans nor the Democrats, although they may ultimately acquiesce in any legal settlement or compromise, are at present prepared to allow the question to be decided on its merits. The recurrence of the present difficulty might be obviated by the plan of a direct and universal popular vote, which has sometimes been recommended on other grounds; but as it is known that the Democrats have obtained a considerable majority, the Republicans will probably insist on the maintenance of the actual system.

It would be intolerable that the scandal which now prevails in the Southern States should be reproduced in the Federal Government. Congress will assuredly not tolerate the co-existence of two rival Presidents, although they might not, like adventurers in Mexico, attempt to establish their respective pretensions by civil war. In Louisiana and South Carolina there are two Governments and two Legislatures which are only prevented by the presence of Federal troops from coming to blows. In South Carolina it is said that the Democratic Government will receive the State revenue because it is returned and supported by nearly the whole body of taxpayers; but it may be doubted whether even party devotion will extend to the payment of taxes which may perhaps afterwards be claimed by the rival Government. The verbal controversy, both in the State and in the North, is characteristically violent. The *New York Times*, which has of late caricatured the ordinary extravagance of faction, has discovered that the Democratic Governor of South Carolina is even more criminal than the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. General WADE HAMPTON is denounced both as a fraudulent bankrupt, and as the grandson of a former WADE HAMPTON who is accused of having in former times been guilty of some nefarious act of corruption. As there is no recorded instance in which similar calumnies have detached supporters from their own chosen leader, it must be inferred that the habitual publication of party libels is rewarded rather by pleasure than by profit. Partisans can perhaps more readily indulge in personal vituperation because there appears to be no regular mode of deciding between the competing factions. The PRESIDENT has refused to repeat his unconstitutional interference in Louisiana; and it may therefore be assumed that he will be equally neutral in South Carolina. For the present he declines to recognize either Legislature, and he refers the decision to Congress; but the Federal Legislature is no more competent than the PRESIDENT to control the government of the States; and a more practical difficulty will result from the political antagonism between the Senate and the House of Representatives. One branch of Congress will recognize WADE HAMPTON while the other recognizes CHAMBERLAIN, and the same considerations will apply to the case of Louisiana.

Even if the present dispute were settled either by compromise or through the intervention of some legitimate authority, contested elections will lead to the renewal of similar complications until some judicial machinery is provided by which they may be finally determined. If an election were to be held in South Carolina to-morrow, intimidation would be reported, and perhaps practised; and the officers of the dominant faction would admit or exclude those who claimed to be returned, with little reference to the merits of the case. The conflict and the anarchy which it tends to produce might be interminable but for one element in the controversy. In default of direct intervention by the Northern States, the superior race will inevitably establish its predominance. It is already admitted that in the disputed States, although the Republicans may command a numerical majority, the superiority of physical force rests with the white, or Democratic, population. But for their judicious determination not to oppose Federal troops, the Democratic leaders in South

Carolina would long since have expelled the Republican Legislature, and would have prevented the installation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as Governor. The white citizens are stronger not only in discipline, organization, and pugnacity, but in political aptitude. The grotesque descriptions of the coloured Legislature which have recently been published prove that the Republicans in the Southern States are incapable of exercising power. A sham representative Assembly may sometimes serve the purposes of a usurper; but the poor negroes who gabble and gesticulate in the Parliament of South Carolina live in a Republic which is in danger of being converted into a despotism. Confronted with more vigorous adversaries, they will in the end be compelled to yield. Unfortunately it is too probable that, with the loss of a political power which they are incapable of using, they may also forfeit the security against oppression which they have derived from their temporary supremacy. The conflict of races in the South is perhaps more important than the contest for the Presidency.

THE HATCHAM CASE.

THE dead lock at which matters have arrived in the conflict at St. James's Church, Hatcham, between Mr. TOOTH and his parishioners on the one side and Lord PENZANCE, as Dean of the Court of Arches, on the other, is far from creditable to any of the parties concerned. Nor is it very easy to see a way out of the difficulty. Very grave and formidable questions are raised in this dispute; and, unless some compromise is to be hoped for, the prospects of the Establishment, as such, are by no means hopeful. We do not wonder that much alarm is felt in influential quarters. When it was seen that Mr. TOOTH did not stand alone, but was backed by his churchwardens and enthusiastic congregation, a very eminent personage is said to have exclaimed that the first blow had been struck for the disruption of the Church of England. It is one thing to put down a handful of unpopular clergy. It is another thing to coerce a considerable and energetic lay minority.

It must be confessed, even by the authors of the Public Worship Regulation Act, that its first results are not encouraging. The prosecution of Mr. DALE, of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, has led to the suppression, by the Bishop of LONDON himself, of numerous well-attended religious services, the dispersion of a zealous congregation, and the restoration of the old unimproved state of things from which we had been delivered. This, it may be remembered, was always predicted by the opponents of the Bill. They urged, and it would seem with truth, that had the Public Worship Act existed forty years ago, no improvement whatever could have been brought about in the shamefully neglected churches, and equally scandalous church services, of that date. In fact, Archbishop SUMNER actually inhibited one of the most eminent clergymen in his diocese for singing the Psalms and an anthem. But he was successfully resisted; and now the parish churches with surpliced choirs and full choral services are to be counted, not by hundreds, but by thousands. Lord PENZANCE has not been much more successful in his condemnation of Mr. TOOTH of Hatcham. Whether or not, as is alleged, he has in this case claimed the power of suspending *a saceris* a priest, in his own lay name, instead of handing over the offender to a spiritual authority for spiritual punishment, we do not know, and we are not careful to inquire. For, though it is the height of unwisdom to outrage people's consciences unnecessarily, even in matters of form, still the real cause of complaint lies deeper than any affront of this kind. What is felt by the victims in this case is the harshness and precipitancy of the judgment. Mr. TOOTH is condemned for refusing to alter his practice in some particulars, at least, which are still under appeal, and upon which the Supreme Court has actually issued contrary judgments. The blame for this precipitancy is to be shared between the DEAN of ARCHES and the Diocesan. Why did not the Bishop of ROCHESTER use the same discretion as the Bishop of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL has shown, and decline to send any case for trial until the chief points in dispute had been decided? What if Mr. TOOTH should be shown to be right in wearing vestments, for example, before the time has expired in which he is suspended for using them?

We ourselves have from the first disapproved of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Introduced under the pretext that it was merely a simplification of forms of

procedure, its real object was betrayed by the PRIME MINISTER, who incautiously avowed that it was intended to put down "Ritualism." All unprejudiced observers must have felt, we think, that a law was essentially unfair which did not mean to punish defect in ritual as well as excess. And though this was amended as the Bill passed through Parliament, it is well known that for more reasons than one the party which is at present out of favour would never use the machinery provided by the Act for compelling their brethren of the Low Church to adopt a higher ritual or measure of obedience than coincided with their convictions of duty. But, worse than this, the rubrics themselves were in many cases so ambiguous and contradictory that no ingenuity could reconcile them. Probably this arises from the circumstance that the Church itself has never been able, owing to the even balance of parties within its pale, to decide definitively for one side or the other. Is it to be expected that the decision of such questions by any body of judges whatever, in the absence of any legal method for ascertaining the real wish of the great body of the Church itself, could satisfy the defeated party, whichever way their verdict inclined? But, supposing that the Church collectively agreed to accept the ruling of the Court of Appeal on these disputed points, where was the justice, or the wisdom, of putting the Public Worship Act into premature operation until the doubtful points were finally decided and ruled? It was thought by many that this unfortunate Act would never be put into force any more than the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, but would remain as a salutary warning in the statute-book. But we now see the mischief that may be caused by an unwise and unjust policy. It is found that the ritual excesses which are complained of rather grow than diminish by persecution; that considerable numbers of the laity support their clergy in these demonstrations; and that the only persons who profit by these unseemly conflicts are the London roughs, who are only too glad to find an opportunity of showing their hostility to all religion by mobbing the unlucky clergy and congregation of St. James's, Hatcham. What happened in those most creditable riots at St. George's-in-the-East is happening again. The mob is taking part against what is sincere, though it may be injudicious, religious devotion. Are there none to cry, "Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis"?

Our regret at the present posture of affairs is not due, however, to any particular sympathy with Mr. TOOTH and his supporters. We cannot defend him in his attitude of overt resistance to the law, however overstrained and unfair the action of the law may be in his case. It would have been a more dignified course, and a far better example to the community, had he relinquished his position when he found that he could not conscientiously obey the ruling of the Court. But we have no wish to bear hardly upon a man when he is down. And, should he urge in his defence that he retains his benefice only lest he should seem to desert his people in a difficulty which concerns them even more than it does himself, we should scarcely know what to answer. For, after all, this is the gist of the question. What is called by the absurd name of Ritualism affects the people quite as much as the clergy. In fact we more than doubt whether there has ever been an example of what is called "advanced ritual" without the support of the congregation. Not the least of the evil results of recent ecclesiastical prosecutions has been to provoke further and more inexcusable excesses. Had the revived energy and earnestness of High Churchmen been from the first encouraged and directed by their ecclesiastical superiors, instead of being uniformly checked and suspected, whatever might be its nature and degree, there would have been an advance along the whole line, and individual excesses would have been restrained by the public opinion of the majority. But no such wisdom or charity has prevailed in the counsels of the Church, and we now see the lamentable consequences. There are ominous signs of exasperation on both sides. We are very sorry for his own sake as well as for the common peace of the Church that Mr. TOOTH should now (if we may trust the reports in the newspapers) go quite beyond the undisputed law of the Prayer-Book, as, for instance, in the matter of solitary communion. Foolish excesses of this sort make it impossible for sober-minded persons to defend him heartily, even when he is less certainly wrong, or perhaps possibly right. Meanwhile the most extravagant nonsense is talked on each

side. We except our contemporary the *Scotsman*, which discerns the gravity of the case, and compares the symptoms with those which produced the disruption of the Scotch Establishment. But the utterances of the press generally are equally violent and uninformed. Some persons, for instance, would claim for the clergy and people a degree of independence, not merely in purely spiritual matters, but in the many mixed questions in which the civil power is rightly concerned, which would be undesirable, even were it possible, in an Established Church. On the other hand, others, and among them not a few of the pseudo-Liberals of the day, argue as though the Church were a mere creation and department of the State, compelled to accept both doctrine and discipline from a Parliamentary majority. What is an Establishment after all but a kind of Concordat between Church and State? If the Establishment is to continue (and we are of those who believe that its abolition would be most injurious to the nation at large, as well as to the Church), it can only be by justice and moderation on both sides. It is no doubt more difficult now than it ever was before to keep the peace between the two parties. For the people of England are no longer, by compulsion, members of the Church, and Parliament is, rightly, open to persons of any or of no religion. Indeed so great is the tension now that many thinkers doubt whether it will be possible to maintain the alliance much longer. Take, for instance, the way in which the Church is affected by recent Parliamentary action in the matter of the law of marriage. We believe that Parliament was justified in dealing with the question of divorce; but we think that some adjustment of the new relations thus introduced between the State and the Church ought to have been effected at the time, and that sooner or later this omission will cause great difficulties. So, in the case now before us, it would have been better statesmanship to have obtained the consent of the Church explicitly to any alteration of the laws affecting public worship. Even if such consent were not necessary, it would have been expedient to secure it. As it is, Convocation protested against the Act, which became law in a moment of heated public feeling, to the annoyance of a large and growing minority of clergy and people.

We deplore more than we can say the folly and wrong-headedness of the zealots who have provoked the present perplexities. But we condemn equally the intemperance of those who seem to think that they can set up a nineteenth-century Star Chamber and dragoon congregations into an absolute uniformity of the externals of public worship. The latter mistake the case altogether if they suppose that it is any love for what they call "the loaves and fishes" of the Establishment that makes Mr. TOOTH and his people brave the law and the mob at Hatcham, when, by simple secession, they could worship God in whatever manner they pleased. Very few of the good things of the Establishment fall to the lot of Hatcham. No doubt it would open a prospect of peace if the Ritualists could be forced to quit the Church. But they believe that it would be a sin to secede, and therefore they mean to remain and fight to the bitter end. It is not a pleasant prospect. We ask, is there no hope of some fair compromise? Might not it be agreed to suspend the further action of Lord PENZANCE's Court on either side—for in a few weeks it is at least possible that certain exasperated Ritualists may be using it, in revenge, to coerce the Evangelical party into wearing vestments—until the mind of the Church could be ascertained on the points of dispute? For, after all, rubrics were made for the Church, and not the Church for the rubrics.* Let the rubrics be made at least intelligible before they are enforced. And let all parties be made to obey them equally, bishops included, before they are made compulsory on any. And let this be done, in common fairness, by proper constitutional methods. The acts of the civil Legislature have might on their side, but not right, if they deal with the internal affairs even of the Established Church without the assent of the Church "by representation," as defined in one of its canons. Mr. TOOTH himself, and all who think and act with him, would yield obedience to the voice of the Church itself, freely expressed in lawfully convened and constituted assemblies, and confirmed, supposing its resolutions were just and moderate, and not opposed to the common good, by Parliamentary authority. Then we might hope that the Church would lose neither one party nor the other from its bosom; and that either excess or

defect, beyond reasonable limits, would be restrained, not by legal decisions, but by common consent. If no such conciliatory course can be followed, we are afraid we shall have to look forward to nothing short of disruption, to be followed, or accompanied, by disestablishment.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

THE announcement of another Indian famine has come upon us almost by surprise. Whether it is that to the ordinary Englishman India stands for Bengal, and that anything happening on the less familiar ground of the other Presidencies makes little impression on him; or that the fact that Bengal is governed from the same city as India generally, and that thus more news comes to England from Calcutta than from Madras or Bombay; or that the authorities are shy of making too much of another famine after the doubt that has been thrown on the reality, or at all events on the magnitude, of the last one, little or nothing has yet been heard of it in this country. That there is a famine, however, is now past doubt; that it will be severer in its proportions, and will last for a longer time than the Bengal famine, seems but too probable. At present there is a disposition, not altogether unnatural perhaps after the criticism to which English opinion with regard to the Bengal famine was subjected in India, to think and say very little about it. When the first threatenings of famine showed themselves in Bengal, the English newspapers, for the most part, pressed on the VICEROY the importance of leaving no provision unmade of which it was possible to forecast the necessity. In the first instance not a few English journals did Lord NORTHBROOK the unintentional injustice of supposing that he was not alive to the gravity of the danger. By and by it became apparent, not only that he had been alive to it all along, but that he had exhausted beforehand every precaution that could possibly be taken to meet it. There was a too common tendency to assume that he had done more than was required of him. In dealing with figures so vast as those that belong to an Indian famine, it is impossible to calculate very closely. The Government must make their choice between allowing a considerable margin and running the risk of seeing the people die. They cannot be sure how many mouths they will have to feed, or how much food will be wanted to feed them. They cannot say beforehand what disclosures of hidden stores, whether of food or money, will be made under the pressure of imminent starvation. They cannot predict the precise operation of private trade, or feel sure whether the famine will ultimately take the form of a positive scarcity of provisions, or merely of a scarcity of the money with which to buy them. Lord NORTHBROOK took all these considerations into account, and he decided that the thing to be done was to take the largest estimate of the possible need, and to provide fully for that. The successful side of the result was shown in the fact that the famine in Bengal was so completely held in check that many people doubted whether the whole alarm had not been imaginary. The unsuccessful side was shown in the fact that, when the rains had fallen, the crops had grown up, and things had returned to their usual course, there was a considerable surplus of food left on the hands of the Government. It was too often forgotten by those who found fault with the Government of India for extravagance that this possibility had been deliberately foreseen and accepted as the lesser evil of the two. Supposing that the VICEROY'S calculation of the food wanted had from any cause been under the mark, the people of Bengal must have starved. It was because Lord NORTHBROOK had determined that, whatever else might happen, this should not happen, that there was actually more rice in Bengal than was wanted to guard against famine. Those who blamed the Government for this result were in some cases the very same critics who had blamed them earlier for not prohibiting the export of rice from Bengal, and had preached that, with famine approaching, not a pound of grain ought to be allowed to leave the district.

The recollection of all this may well make the Indian authorities chary of saying too much about another famine. They may think, and think with reason, that sympathy at starting is dearly purchased at the cost of unfavourable comment afterwards. They may prefer to do their work after their own fashion, and according to their own ideas of what is necessary and adequate, rather than invite an examination which is apt to begin in one

mood and end in another. Yet, natural as this state of mind may be, it is not one that ought to be encouraged in India or acquiesced in in England. We cannot shake ourselves free of the responsibilities we have taken upon ourselves, or live as though India did not belong to us when some millions of our Indian fellow-subjects are threatened with a terrible calamity. Nor is it well that those upon whom the burden of dealing with this calamity falls should feel that Englishmen take no interest in their labours. However strong the sense of duty may be in a service, it cannot afford to dispense altogether with external encouragement. The knowledge that labours are watched and zeal appreciated is in the long run too valuable an incentive to good service to be safely dispensed with. In a letter from Madras in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday, which gives the only detailed account of the famine which we have seen, there are signs of the suppressed irritation which the want of this generous recognition of pressing needs, and of great efforts made to meet them, is beginning to awaken in the famine districts. Those who are working hard to beat off an enemy whose power threatens to be felt throughout the whole of the present year cannot admit that even the great events that are happening, or may be about to happen, nearer home are any excuse for neglecting what is happening in the Deccan. The writer tells us of 300,000 coolies being already employed on famine wages to keep them from starving; of a probable expenditure of 2,000,000*l.* under this head alone; of other districts in which relief works will certainly be in full operation in a very short time, at a cost which cannot be put at less than another 2,000,000*l.*; of a third sum of the same amount that will be wanted for Bombay. Nor is there any reason to suppose that these estimates are exaggerated. The people are coming in to work for twopence a day at a time when a meal such as they eat in ordinary years costs threepence-halfpenny. In the face of these figures, it cannot be said that the people are tempted by too high wages, or that, in calculations for a continuance of this measure of relief during the famine, the authorities are fixing the relief on too high a scale. The question rather suggests itself whether a measure of relief that comes so near to starvation as one which only allows less than two-thirds of a single meal to each labourer can fairly be called adequate, or whether, with prices at their present famine-level, the pay ought not to be given in food rather than in money.

These, however, are details upon which, in the almost total absence of information, it is impossible to have an opinion. All that can at this moment be insisted on is that the Government should at once put the English public in as full possession of the facts as they did in the case of the Bengal famine. In one respect, there is more need of official intelligence now than there was then. The Bengal famine called out a host of newspaper Correspondents, and if their letters were not always accurate, they were at least full. Now newspaper enterprise has something else to do, and if we are to wait for our accounts of the famine until they come to us through the ordinary channels, we must wait till the Eastern question is settled. The India Office has in its hands the means of turning loss into a positive gain, and of presenting us with information regarding the famine which shall be at once abundant and truthful.

THE ETHICS OF UNBELIEF.

A REMARKABLE paper on the attitude of modern Atheism towards Morality appears in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, from the pen of Mr. W. H. Mallock, which, by one of those undesigned coincidences which are sometimes so instructive, is no less remarkably illustrated by another article, of Professor Clifford's, in the same number on the "Ethics of Belief." With Mr. Clifford's article we are only concerned here in its bearing on Mr. Mallock's argument; but we may observe in passing that he simply ignores that moral element which in many cases is quite as important and quite as legitimate as the intellectual, in the formation of belief; while his illustrations of the shocking wickedness of entertaining any undemonstrated beliefs—which he denounces in the tone and manner of an inspired apostle—turn exclusively on supposed instances of credulity prompted by self-interest regardless of the possible or certain injury to others. The argument therefore rests on a paralogism which does not really touch the point at issue. But we cannot pursue the criticism here. Mr. Mallock begins with a modest disclaimer of professing to say anything entirely new. And it is true that his main thesis is not a new one; indeed it could hardly fail to occur to an intelligent and sincere believer, in view of the present aspects of sceptical thought, even though his

faith did not extend beyond theism and a future life, which is all that the argument necessarily postulates. But if the thesis is not new in itself, the writer has propounded and applied it with a freshness and felicity of handling which is his own, and which may be expected to bring it home to the apprehension of many to whom it will come with all the force of novelty. It sounds perhaps like a commonplace of the schoolroom or the pulpit to say that moral virtue can only spring from a religious root, and that the flower will not long continue to blossom when the root is dead. Mr. Mallock's object is not to say this, but to show it, and to show it by the testimony of those who are loudest in their denunciation of religious faith. He points out that, in spite of the speculative antagonism between believers and unbelievers, the leading representatives of either side are agreed in maintaining the sacred and supreme importance of a high morality, the essential superiority of virtue over vice, and the absolute antagonism of right to wrong, however they may differ in particular details as to what is right or wrong. Wemay add—and the true significance of the fact will appear presently—that the foremost and most influential preachers of unbelief have usually themselves been men of irreproachable conduct. Mr. Mallock illustrates his argument very cogently from Professor Clifford's language as well as Professor Tyndall's, though not of course from the article which appears simultaneously with his own:—

No one can be more vehement, more positive, more explicit than Professor Clifford in his denial of any belief in God or in immortality. These beliefs, according to him, are absurd, are groundless, are demonstrably false. He attacks them in every conceivable way, with reason and with rhetoric. And yet, when he touches on the moral side of life, he adopts all the warmth and all the indignation of a religious zealot fighting for the glory of God. In the name of a high morality he calls all faith in the supernatural "blasphemy" and "unspeakable profanity." Like the Apostles of Christ, he invokes "the sleepless vengeance of fire" upon those who do not share his unbelief, but who still "soil their hearts," as he puts it, with arguing for their Gods, their helms, their heavens—"sickly dreams," so he calls these, "of hysterical women and of half-starved men." And then, turning towards the imagined disciples of his own creed who, strong in their want of faith, have chosen the good part, "But for you," he exclaims, "noble and great ones, who have loved and laboured, yourselves not for yourselves, but for the universal folk, in your time not for your time only, but for the coming generations, for you shall be life broad and far-reaching as your love; for you life-giving action to the utmost reach of the great wave whose crest you sometime were."

In the judgment then of these writers—and it would be easy enough to multiply specimens of their habitual method of speech—life in all its noblest and highest relations would not be degraded, but exalted, by the universal adoption of dogmatic unbelief. "The beliefs which we are invited to get rid of, in God and immortality, have no real connexion with anything that is valuable." The essayist's object is to prove that this fundamental assumption of the preachers of Atheism is a baseless one, and that the general acceptance of their teaching would inevitably work, whether for better or for worse, a very real moral change; and he justly urges the importance of insisting on this point, in order that the world may not be tricked into accepting principles the logical results of which it is as yet resolved to repudiate:—

All that I wish to establish is, that the change would be real—that, whether for good or evil, the belief in God and immortality has a practical effect upon practical life—upon what men do, and what they forbear to do, what they love and what they hate, what they think of themselves and of one another; that, whether we realize it or not, these two beliefs are implied in all the special praise men give to self-sacrifice, to heroism, to purity of heart, and in the special value they attach to the chastity of their wives and daughters. Without these two beliefs, I propose to show that vice under sanitary conditions ceases to be vice; that without them there can be no standard by which the quality of pleasures can be tested; that truth as truth, and virtue as virtue, cease to be in any way admirable; that, in short, the whole complexion of life will change, all our notions of life be turned upside down; and that those who deny this fact or try to conceal it from us are guilty either of unconscious inconsistency or unconscious fraud.

The world then, at present, in praising morality and dispraising vice, does not merely mean to affirm the utility, or even the benevolence, of the former, but its inherent rightfulness. This, for instance, is clearly implied in the language of such writers as Professor Clifford and Professor Tyndall as to the absolute sacredness of truth, and the duty of adhering to it, though all humanity be thereby plunged into gloom. "It is, to borrow Mill's phrase, a truer progress with them to bring humanity to the state of a discontented Socrates than to that of a contented pig." Now, why is this so? Because, for some reason or other, it is the nature of man, and therefore, in the long run, conducive to his truest happiness, to prefer virtue to vice. So far believers and unbelievers are agreed; but here the unbeliever perforce stops; he has nothing more to tell us. The pursuit of truth, for instance, he will say, brings an inward gladness, which is an end in itself, and defies further analysis. But this account of the matter is obviously incomplete. Can we not penetrate a little deeper? What are the essential characteristics of the morality which brings this inward sense of gladness? Mr. Mallock enumerates three.

First it is—what the New Testament declares it to be—not a mere external standard of conduct, but a principle which controls the will. And thus Professor Tyndall says that "the gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say 'I covet truth,' whatever may have been his success in attaining it. We may add Professor Clifford's testimony to this "inwardness" of morality from the article already referred to:—"When an action is once done, it is right or wrong for ever; no accidental failure of its good or evil fruits can possibly alter that."

Hence it follows, in the next place, that the observance or neglect of this moral law is a matter of incalculable importance to ourselves quite irrespectively of consequences. And here again Professor Clifford unconsciously clenches the argument. "If I steal money there may be no harm done by the transfer of possession, but I cannot help doing this great wrong towards Man that I make myself dishonest. This is why we ought not to do evil that good may come; for, at any rate, this great evil has come, that we have done evil and are made wicked thereby." Once more, the moral standard is felt to be an absolute and objective one; this is implied in our habitual assumption that the vicious have no right to be happy in their vice, and that, if they choose to be so, it will in some way or other be the worse for them. In strict accordance with this view Professor Clifford points his solemn condemnation of what he considers vicious credulity by insisting that "the question which our conscience is always asking about that which we are tempted to believe is not, 'Is it comfortable and pleasant?' but, 'Is it true?'" that is to say, the objective standard of truth is far higher and more important than any satisfaction we may derive from neglecting or ignoring it. Now of these three characteristics of the moral standard—its "inwardness," its incalculable importance, and its objective authority—which are equally acknowledged, as we have seen, by believers and unbelievers, the former are able to give a satisfactory account, while the latter can give none. The relation of man to a Supreme Being at once almighty and all-perfect, whose will is the source and standard of moral right, in conformity to which consists both the duty and highest happiness of his creatures, supplies an explanation which is at least intelligible and consistent. But how if the existence of a Deity and a future life be denied? The importance of morality, so far from being incalculable, is at once seen to be restricted within very narrow limits; when the individual dies, he can only in metaphor be said to live on, in the results of his actions; when the race dies, in no thinkable way can it be said to live at all. As to the objectivity and inwardness of virtue, the heart of every man is, on the unbelieving hypothesis, a solitude into which no one has a right to force entrance, and to no one but himself can he be answerable for his inward thoughts:—

A man might give me reason to believe that his whole inner self was what I should be pleased to call a chaos of bestial corruption, did I speak as a believer; but were we both unbelievers, these words on my part would convey no sense of reproach. All I could tell him was that I thought I was made happier by virtue than he was by vice, and I could probably present to him some image of what I meant by virtue, and what was the happiness it gave me. But if, having compared his and my happiness as well as he could, he still liked his own better, what right could I have to complain? Or if I complained, what remedy could I have?

And thus—

In the first place, the difference between right and wrong is strictly limited in importance, and a time will come when it will be absolutely at an end.

In the second place, this difference—such as it is—is measured only by the *conscious* pains and pleasures given rise to in the inward hearts of each of us.

In the third place, virtue as virtue cannot be enforced. It can be recommended, and recommended for no other reason than that those who have tried it like it better than anything else, and on the assumption that all who can be persuaded to try it will think the same. But if our recommendation be not taken—if a man or any body of men prefer deliberately the lowest forms of vice to the highest virtue, no other emotion can be justified on our part than a sympathetic sorrow for them as losing a certain amount of pleasure.

The question must ultimately resolve itself into this, whether virtue be indeed its own reward, and, if it be so, whether the fact can be proved to the satisfaction of those who fail to perceive it. It is clearly idle for the unbelieving moralist to talk of the progress of the race and the privilege and happiness of working to promote it. If the human race is never to get better, progress is a delusion, and if it is to attain perfection, we have still to inquire what kind of Utopia is to be looked for, and how we can be sure of its being one in which a discontented Socrates will be better off, or not worse off, than a contented pig? All that the unbeliever can logically urge—and logical consistency, be it remembered, is the alleged justification of his unbelief—is that the individual will in the long run find a life of virtue pleasanter than a life of vice. But this, from his own restricted point of view, is so far from being demonstrable or self-evident, that it may be questioned whether it is even true. A life of heroic self-sacrifice, which is the highest ideal of virtue, is apt to be in itself a life of sorrow. Those who have patiently or joyfully encountered the trial have been sustained, like Socrates himself, by a higher than merely earthly hope, which higher hope the negative theology would forbid them to cherish. Everything, in short, must depend on the taste or caprice of the individual; and here the argument from experience is often introduced, to which we referred just now, that men who have notoriously got rid of their religious beliefs have as notoriously retained their moral convictions and their moral earnestness. Undoubtedly; *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or indeed in any way the reverse of what he was before. The moral enthusiasms of converts to unbelief are for the most part simply a "survival" of their forsaken faith, or unconsciously imbibed from the religious influences and traditions which surround them. It remains to be seen how much of all this would survive when the world had been converted by the apostles of this new evangel, and a generation had grown up which knew as little as it valued the discarded faith. And it is only reasonable to anticipate that morality—which is always, so to say, heavily handicapped in its struggle with the lower inclinations—would gradually give

place to an unrestrained seeking after pleasure of whatever kind the coming race might consider the most desirable. On their appreciation, not of the highest pleasure—for such language would have lost its meaning—but of what they found the most pleasurable, it would depend whether earth, under the new Utopia, should be turned into an Eden or a Capri. Nor would the latter alternative be arrested for a single hour by the advance of physical science, about the elevating effects of which we sometimes hear so much. On the contrary, the exclusive cultivation of science would rather tend to accelerate the process of moral decomposition by destroying all sense of the dignity of humanity. If religion humbly confesses the littleness of man as compared with an infinite Deity, who cares for him, and therefore exalts him to a new dignity, scientific research unveils his hopeless insignificance as compared with an infinite universe which cares for him not at all. Thus much at least is clear, that virtue, as such, can have no logical place in the unbeliever's system. When he talks of one thing as "higher" or "nobler" than another, as "holy" or "sacred," and denounces the belief he repudiates as "blasphemous" and "profane," he is borrowing, consciously or unconsciously, the teaching of the faith he has renounced, which in his mouth must be fraudulent or unreal. Meanwhile we may fairly demur to accepting the revelation of apostles who are shown, when their message is analysed, to be either deceivers or deceived.

THE PROPHET ON THE PLATFORM.

A TRAVELLER is well into the East before he knows it. The usages, the civilization, the steam, and the iron of the West are still before his eyes until, having traversed the Mediterranean and sighted Damietta, and threaded the great Canal, he finds himself at Suez. When he lands, all things are changed at once. The East and the West meet, indeed, but their meeting is like the meeting of fire and water. They do not coalesce. The railway, the consuls, the post office, the hotel have not made the slightest mark upon Suez. It is an Oriental city, narrow, sunny, odoriferous, though the engine whistles and the church bell rings in its streets. On this account it is peculiarly interesting to the observant stranger. He sees for the first time the contact of the old world with the new. The contrast between the two is put before him in its most startling aspect. Hitherto there has been little except the blue sky and the sunset to remind him that he is no longer in Europe, and the first view of Suez is from a distance. The harbour is some miles from the town, a glorious bay—or rather, as it is called on the maps, a gulf—with fine mountains on both sides, and the entrance to the Canal, where an endless procession of noble ships goes up and down—great floating barracks on their way to and from India, mail steamers, long and low, tall black colliers, now and then a vessel full of pilgrims for Mecca, with a Scottish name on the bow and stern. But they do not bring Europe to Africa. The constant traffic leaves Suez as it was, and English eyes miss there, as much as in Cairo or Constantinople, the flourishing appearance which would be worn by a seaport of equal importance at home. There is a railway from the harbour to the hotel; but the carriages have had no new paint or upholstery since they first left their maker's hands at Manchester. The trains run, or rather the train runs, for there is evidently but one set of carriages, on a simple system; as soon as they are nearly full the whistle sounds a note of interrogation; the note is repeated at intervals, and eventually, after one or two false starts, the train goes on at a leisurely pace. When it has proceeded about half way an official gets in and endeavours to sell some tickets; but no one buys, and those passengers who can talk Arabic taunt him for trying to make them pay. Such a thing was never heard of. Are they not in Government employ as well as himself? He looks incredulous at first, then crestfallen, and as the jokes increase in number and brilliancy, to judge by the laughter, he retires to the footboard outside. Presently the train comes to a standstill. There is a railing on one side and the sea on the other, all enveloped in a blaze of blinding sunshine. The traveller steps out on a dusty platform, repels a host of donkey-boys, and rushes to hide in the cool darkness of the hotel. When he ventures to sally forth again he obtains, without going far, a very complete idea of an Egyptian town. He finds a heap of mud hovels, here and there a stunted minaret striped like a zebra, an awful smell everywhere, a few yellow dogs covered with mange, and sitting along a shady wall a row of native women, each in a single garment of dark blue cotton, her brown face partly hidden by a fold which she draws across as you pass, holding it in her teeth. They crouch in the dust like barn-door fowl, and, as the stranger walks by, each extends towards him an attenuated baby covered with black flies, and feebly, almost mechanically, cries "Backsheesh." When you hear that magic word you realize, perhaps for the first time, that you are at length in the East, the land of romance, the scenery of the *Arabian Nights*, the glorious country of the rising sun, which poets have sung and artists have painted; where religion and civilization, and all things rare and beautiful and costly, have had their birth; of which you have thought and dreamed, wondered and read, talked and, it may be, written, till, all your gorgeous imaginings about to be fulfilled, as you fancy, you have made the pilgrimage at last and set foot in Egypt on your way to the promised land—"Backsheesh!"

When the mosquitoes have closed your eyelids, but not in slumber, and when your experience of the *salle à manger* has made

you sceptical of holy writ and quenched your desires for the flesh-pots of Egypt, you go to the station; for, after all, there is a station of which the railing is only an offshoot. As you go through the sharp morning air—for, though the thermometer deceptively points to something like fifty-five, you feel quite chilly—you pass through some passages among the mud hovels, and see more filthy infants and more brown mothers; then through a wide market-place, in the midst of which a negro is droning out ballads, and crowds of half-clothed men, women, and children are performing a morning toilet, which consists chiefly in examining their garments for fleas, and reach at last the platform by which the train stands. Facing the train is a kind of shed running the whole length of the platform. A crowd of loungers stand or sit in rows under the shadow. There is another crowd of disappointed donkey-boys, orange-girls, dragomans, Arabs in white shirts and brown capotes, dandies with white turbans, embroidered dressing-gowns, red stained nails, and yellow slippers, all walking up and down as if seeking something. Round the door of the ticket-office are a few men in uniform, apparently Custom-house officers or railway guards. Each of them wears a red fez, a long coat, and a shepherd's plaid. The scene, as you discover later, is the same at every railway station in Egypt. Here perhaps the great bay, the rugged pink mountains, the mighty steamers making for the mouth of the Canal, divert your attention from things nearer the eye; but wherever you go afterwards you find that the despatch of a train is a great public occasion at which all the inhabitants must assist, and that between whiles a majority think it necessary to sit motionless in the shadow of the ticket-office, watched by an official in a red fez and a shepherd's plaid. If you go to Egypt asking why is this? or why is that? you will get no reply; you will be thought mad, and you will weary yourself. It is better to take Dante's line to heart, and merely record passing impressions. *Non ragionam di lor*, you reflect, it is enough to look and pass on. But while you sentimentalize, perhaps, watching the strange medley of men and manners from the carriage window, or observing the incongruity of a puffing steam-engine with the sandy desert, the domed mosques, the lofty palms, and the solemn camels, you see a sudden motion of the crowd. It divides, and an open path is made along the platform. Is it some great pasha, you ask, or a kicking horse, or a funeral? But you forget for a moment that you are in the East. It is a dervish.

First you see a lofty standard, about as high again as regimental colours, but otherwise very like them. It is borne by a tall, mild-looking negro, who is also laden with a gourd, a brass pannikin, a pipe, and various other articles for personal use. While you wonder what or who he is, he stops, and a kind of ring is formed by the crowd. Into the open space steps the dervish. He is undersized, like most great men; but his mien is majestic. His complexion is quite white, of which you can easily judge, for he wears no clothes to speak of, except that round his naked shoulders and chest is coiled a heavy chain, supplemented by half-a-dozen rings of solid iron. His hair, black and curly, hangs half-way down his back, but rises nobly from his magnificent forehead. His beard, like John the Baptist's, has evidently never been touched by a razor, but flows, well combed, over his heaving breast. He stops, looks down, then up to heaven. There is a shudder among the silent crowd. Then he casts up his arms, and begins to speak in a deep, solemn voice, and in measured phrases which to your ears sound like verse. As he waves his arms, you see that he has but one hand. The other has offended him, and he has cut it off; but he raises the stump to heaven in protest against the men of this generation; and you think you see one of the old Hebrew prophets as he speaks, and a thrill runs through you also. The scene is deeply impressive. The crowd reply to his eloquence by a groan, and then he takes a step or two forward. His gait is perhaps too much of a strut to satisfy a critical eye, and there is an expression of cunning in his face which mars his otherwise magnificent features. But at the moment you do not perceive this. He walks up and down, gesticulating, but with dignity. As he strides along he seems to perceive no one in his path, and all make way for him. You hope he will not walk into your carriage. An official, duly decorated with the shepherd's plaid, comes out to him, but approaches him respectfully. He endeavours to reason with him, to draw him aside, to expostulate. Evidently he would be more at home in a neighbouring mosque. His costume is not suitable to a railway station. There are Europeans in the train, perhaps ladies. But, no, the prophet cares for none of these things. He turns round and lifts up the voice of his testimony against that official, and, so to speak, withers him up. He retires discomfited; but another comes out, greater than himself. The gymnosophist is at last persuaded. He turns, shakes the dust of the platform from his unshod soles, and passes out of the gate. There is a moment of stillness, and then the bustle breaks out again till the train starts.

After such a scene you can understand the fanaticism of the East. You see how the dervish could carry with him the sympathies of the crowd. His word seemed to sway them as a wind sways the grass. He was a man who had suffered for his mission. He was not clothed in soft raiment. He had mutilated his body. He was naked and maimed. And though you understood not a word he said, yet you could not but perceive in the well-adjusted balance of his sentences and the full pronunciation of every syllable that the speaker was an educated, perhaps a learned, man. Had he commanded those superstitious Mussulmans to kill every Frank in the train, would they not have obeyed? Had he ordered them to

pull down the ticket-office and tear up the rails and break in pieces the locomotive, can there be any doubt it would have been done in an instant? Fortunately he was merciful, though he was so powerful; and as the station is left behind, and you are safe out in the desert, and can see again the red mountains, and the great ships entering and leaving the Canal, you heave a sigh of relief. The prophet has not hurt a hair of your head. The voice of his testimony has rolled off your back. But one day, you feel sure, his cry may be heard further. The fanatics may rise at his bidding. The hordes which swept away the civilization, such as it was, of Egypt in the seventh century may attack it again in the nineteenth. What will they care for Mr. Goschen, or the Daira debt, or the Canal shares? Once the fire has been lighted, will not hundreds of prophets like this one come forth out of their hermitages, out of the holes and caves of the earth, and preach defiance from the Ganges to the Nile? So perhaps you reflect, still under the spell of the full-toned voice and the strange weird look of the prophet on the platform. As the train draws to a station you ask the guard what it was he said. After his answer you wish you had refrained. The dervish, he tells you, had demanded a free passage by rail to the next village, and the station-master had refused it. That was all.

A NEW KEY TO ALL KNOWLEDGE.

THE universe is so large, and at the same time in many ways so important a subject, that any discovery which makes the nature of all things plain to the feeblest capacity ought to be warmly welcomed. When the discoverer takes the trouble to come all the way from Australia to divulge "the lost mysteries," and to be released from what he considers "fearful obligations" to silence, there is really no excuse for receiving him "with silent contumely." Yet we learn from a remarkable volume called *Veritas*, which has not perhaps got all the attention it deserves from the learned, that silent contumely has been the portion of Mr. Henry Melville, who in 1848 voyaged some fifteen thousand miles expressly to lay his inventions before the Earl of Zetland. New facts about the universe do not seem to have interested the Earl of Zetland, though he was then Grand Master of England in the orders of Masonry. Dispirited, Mr. Melville returned to Australia, but kept "pegging away" at the Arcana, and stumbled, as he says, "on results depending on Median and Persian laws." An ordinary discoverer would have promptly styled these hidden rules "Melville's law"; but the modesty of this student is so remarkable, considering the vastness of his researches, that he preferred to use the familiar term associated with the stereotyped institutions of the Medes and Persians. So gratified and encouraged was he by his new invention that he came back to Europe again; for we do not learn that the Australians lent a ready ear to his discoveries. In England, the Earl of Ripon, who had not at that time distinguished himself as a diplomatist, told Mr. Melville that his theories were beyond the scope of ordinary Masonry. The Duke of Leinster was equally uninstructed, and, in short, the cold shade of the aristocracy blighted Mr. Melville's hopes, and he now appeals to the uninitiated world at large.

The author of *Veritas* was first led towards his remarkable conclusions by "the mysterious yugs of the East." He could not believe but that there must be mysteries hidden by the mysterious yugs. He has since discovered that "there is a classical universal alphabet to a celestial universal language," and all has been comparatively plain sailing. In the course of his studies, and by way of neglecting no source of information, however trivial, Mr. Melville "was induced to examine the orthodox Bible dedicated to James." Like La Fontaine, Mr. Melville found that the orthodox Bible repaid perusal, and much of his really original book is founded on his peculiar notions of Biblical criticism. He "constructed celestially upwards of 2,400 Biblical passages," from a "polyglot" edition; for we fancy that Mr. Melville's knowledge of mere terrestrial tongues, such as Greek, is rather scanty. Thus he informs us that "Nice" is from the Hebrew Nisan, and the General Council or Convocation of Nice was the conjunction of the planets." The mere "learned," of whose ignorance Mr. Melville speaks with some pity, have either been unenlightened about these facts, or have kept their knowledge to themselves. But for the author of *Veritas* it would never have been generally known that "the Median and Persian laws were constructed" at the time of the Council of Nice. In the same way it is quite a fresh fact that "Cæsar is another name for Perseus," and that "Cæsara was a noted Empress of Persia, probably Andromeda or Julia." With characteristic generosity Mr. Melville does not mind instructing even the Pope, no friend to Freemasonry, as to his privileges. "The Pope has a triple tau of his own, but, though preserved with great veneration, his Holiness does not know its use." Nor do we, though the author of *Veritas* is at great pains to explain the matter. Indeed the weak point of his work is that he does not explain his explanations of the universe, and we are obliged to wander darkling through his pages, occasionally culling some fine flower of those old mysteries which Mr. Melville has been allowed to divulge. Here, for example, is information about the Book of Job. "Moses and Job were contemporaries, and Greek and Latin must have been known in their times." Why "must"? the caviller may ask; but Mr. Melville puts him down at once. "Job mentions the Pleiades, Orion, and Arcturus," and these words "are of Greek derivation." Again,

there is in the heavens the constellation Aquila, about which Mr. Melville discourses with much assurance, to the effect that "Prisca signifies ancient, and Priscilla is from thence derived." Now in the Bible Aquila and Priscilla are mentioned together; therefore Aquila is Priscilla, that is, the most ancient constellation, and as Aquila "has been rendered integral with Antinous, Antinous is the most ancient image or figure in the heavens."

It may give the curious reader, who still does not feel as if the painful riddle of the earth were unravelled, some idea of the method of this queer work if we follow Antinous through its pages. The author starts from a favourite authority of his, "the Jesuit Galtruchius," who tells him that "the Romans placed that infamous varlet Antinous, the favourite of Adrian, among the gods." He then jumps to the scientific conclusion that Antinous is merely a "variant" of Ganymede. In connexion with Masonic ceremonies, Antinous appears again as "the candidate in very scanty attire." The candidate must give up his money when he appears before his comrades; but "he is not deprived of banknotes or precious stones," such as Antinous, no doubt, was in the habit of concealing about his person. Leaving the stars and the Masonic ceremonies, Mr. Melville applies his key to "terrestrial fable" or mythology, and here it seems that "Antinous, or Atys, is Antonin the Pious." Since Mr. Gladstone announced what he called "the ingenious conjecture" of some one, that the Artemis of the Scythians in Herodotus is Mitra read backwards and fastened on to a Sanscrit word, we have met with no bolder wanderer in mythology than Mr. Melville. But the hard-worked Antinous is obliged to play his part in English history as well as in other and vaguer spheres. Thus "Catherine marries the child of Henry VII., Athair, or Arthur, Antinous, who always dies young, say at sixteen."

It is only too easy to make ridiculous guesses in mythology, and we have not nearly seen the last of the school of Mr. Bryant and the gentlemen who ride the solar hypothesis to death. But the author of *Veritas* carries the familiar criticism of myths of the Dawn and of the Sun into regions where even M. de Gubernatis might fear to follow him. After "interpreting sufficient as to the fabled Angles and Saxons," Mr. Melville shows how modern history—that is, history since the Norman Conquest—is governed by "the laws of the Medes and Persians." Without reproducing his queer astrological charts it is not easy to do justice to his explanation. To begin with what really is hardly surprising, King John is the Sun, like Arthur, Odysseus, and most other people. Then Mr. Brewer is taken to task for consulting mere terrestrial State archives, when he ought to have remembered that Queen Elizabeth was confessedly "a bright Occidental star," and James I. "the sun in his strength." A glance at the laws of the Medes and Persians, as applied to a celestial globe, would have saved Mr. Brewer all the trouble of sifting and searching dusty and imperfect records. But Mr. Brewer gets off more easily than Mr. Bergenroth, who is involved in the same condemnation as Mr. Froude. "He shows that he obtained his knowledge of our King's private affairs chiefly from records preserved in Simancas, a small town in Spain. . . . How these papers relating to Henry the Eighth reached Simancas must in fact remain a mystery, unless the truth be admitted that the Sun-king Henry's life was recorded in astro-Masonic language, known to the priestly rulers of Spain." It follows that it is better to go at once to the fountain-head, the ancient mysteries, as explained by Mr. Melville; for all the trashy records of Simancas and other places are merely what Bruno would have called *umbra idearum*.

The author of *Veritas* is so much interested in explaining the reign of Henry VIII., and his explanations so curiously recall certain theories of Aryan and other mythologies, that it is necessary to guard against the inference that he is poking fun at the learned writers who somewhat overran the scent on which they were set by Mr. Max Müller. He writes in serious, if not very sober, earnest; and will hear of no philologist later than Bailey, who seems, he says, to have had some of the mystic learning. To return to Henry VIII., "He is always pictured with a round face, like his solar majesty." "He is, by divine right or celestial authority, *dei gratia rex*, or Sun-king." Does not this remind one a little of the "Sun-frog," well known to the comparative mythologist? As Sun-king Henry is bound to marry all three women of heaven, "and on the sun setting, he performs a similar course, and marries the same three women, known under other names." Yet this is not meant for a parody of the suggestion that the shipwreck of Odysseus is a myth of sunset, and that the blinding of the eye of the Cyclops is a myth of sunset also. Even the authors of these interesting discoveries must own that Mr. Melville has beaten them when he reaches "Anne Bull Eyne," who marries the Sun-king and gives birth to the bright Occidental star Elizabeth. Anne Bull eyne—what more natural?—is Βούλις ὦρα under a new title. Similar light is thrown on the obscure history of Mary Stuart by the statement that "Columbus was really only another reading for Noah, but in Columba of Pisces we have Mary Scotia, the female for his solar majesty—Columbinus, or Columbus." Everything about the murder of Darnley becomes quite clear when we once grasp the fact that John Knox, "or Nox, or night, or sunset, when Apollo, the Sun-king, was slain," had a hand in that bad business. Historians may say that the Queen sat next the Countess of Argyll at the fatal supper; but Mr. Melville explains their natural mistake. Argyll is Argil, and Argil (see *Bailey's Dictionary*) is "white earth, like chalk," and one need not be a Mason or an astrologist to know what that means celestially. James I. was the sun,

too, and "Dean Stanley, of the Abbey, in 1870, had a regular hunt after the body of the Sun-king, and fancies he discovered it. The Dean's next research," says the author sarcastically, "should be for the remains of the *bright occidental star*." Mr. Melville is clearly not better pleased with Dean Stanley than some philosophers have reason to be with Dr. Schliemann. One might have supposed that Charles I. at least came within historical times; and was not the sun destroyed by Night? But Mr. Melville suspects a conspiracy on the part of his enemies at the British Museum; "for if men will seriously and openly show dirty bits of paper or parchment as Magna Charta, signed by a terrestrial King John, they will be guilty of any literary misdemeanour when it suits their purpose."

The new geography is not less original than the new history. Thus America is identical with "Armorica, a province of France from which Britain is said to have been first peopled." Columbia was Noah's dove, afterwards corrupted into Columbus. "Britain and America, according to this authority (Bailey), derived their origin from France." South America, or Armorica, was discovered by "a Florentine or Nazarene, who somehow made his way there." All this is nearly as scientific as the answers which some "Americanists," as they call themselves, give to their own quaint problems. In fact, Mr. Melville is only an unusually well-preserved survival from the ages before science was. His Book of Truth is not more ridiculous than the more famous speculations of Pico della Mirandola, for example, and the deduction of all things from the mystical interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. In a farrago of astronomy, Masonic toys, history, and etymology, there are sure to be plenty of coincidences in sound. When science was, as with the author of *Veritas* it is, a process of ingenious guessing, every slight semblance of a coincidence was confirmation of a theory. There are branches of modern science which have still not quite escaped from the limbo of this vanity, and the puerilities of *Veritas* are a kind of warning against building theories on the sliding sand of apparent coincidences.

ENGLISH AND NATIVE RULE IN INDIA.

WHILE critics are dissecting the new Constitution of Midhat Pasha and members of Parliament are hinting that Bulgaria might be regenerated by the irruption of a few Indian administrators, it occurs to us to review the method actually employed to metamorphose our Indian provinces, and the striking points of difference between native and Anglo-Indian rule. The field of selection is not limited; but we shall pick, out of the many increments of annexation, conquest, or cession, the province of the Punjab. In doing this there is a combination of advantages. The country, though not unusually fertile, was geographically and politically important. It was tenanted by men of various creeds and races, zealous in religion, industrious in agricultural pursuits, daring and expert in war. It had been ruled for a considerable period before the events which made it our own by a sovereign of penetrating sagacity and indomitable will. We came to our task with the accumulated experience which a long catalogue of mingled successes and failures in other parts of India had bequeathed to us. And the records showing how we introduced the Reign of Law there are ample, unbroken, and pregnant with material for political thought. Probably those of our readers who have given the subject any consideration at all might be inclined to hold, in a general way, that the exchange of native for foreign administration was followed by a cessation of anarchy, disorder, and violent crime; that the doctrines of toleration in religion and of the equality of all classes before the law were openly proclaimed and systematically acted on; that a dozen evil practices which neither prince nor people thought at all amiss were sternly put down, and that some scores of improvements which it had never crossed their minds to wish for were quietly introduced or forced on them. And the same class might further say that, palpable as may be the inconveniences and drawbacks of government by a foreign dynasty, the solid good which it brings with it far outweighs all other considerations; and that in these days, when the ends of the earth are brought together by steam and telegraph, and we talk of the community of nations, it does not do to permit the existence of cruel practices and debasing laws where we have both means to put them down and a fair excuse for national intervention.

But at this crisis we want remedies and facts, instead of philanthropic commonplaces and generalizing views. Now the rule of Runjeet Sing was by no means a bad one. He had of course the faults of Asiatic sovereigns whom their own ability and vigour have lifted into empire. He could be stern and vigorous when necessary. He put down rebellion or opposition with a high hand. He took a large revenue from agriculturists and merchants in order to maintain his army, to reward his favourites, to supply the wants of his court and his capital. But his authority had in it nothing of weakness, and not so much of corruption as might be thought. He never habitually resorted to such cruelties as the Mahomedan Lieutenant-Governors practised on the Zemindars of Lower Bengal. He was not crippled with debt, nor did he flounder helplessly in administration, like so many Nawabs and Rajas whom we have had to save from their creditors and from the indignation of their subjects; and we may be quite sure that he never exhibited the chronic imbecility which characterized the move-

ments of a series of puppets in Oudh for the space of fifty years, when the revenue was usually collected at the cannon's mouth while the ruler was writing elegant odes in flowery Persian, or was dividing his time pleasantly between the debaucheries of Nero and the rapine of Verres. Of two great subjects of kingcraft Runjeet Sing, viewed from an Asiatic point of view, was a complete master. Indeed he busied himself actively with two pursuits—the organization of his army and the collection of his taxes. It was pointedly said of him that "his triumphs of war and diplomacy, the formation of his army, his feudal horse, his staunch infantry, with their European discipline, their regular pay, their complete equipment, are matters of history." But men living who have good reason to remember the accuracy and range of the Sikh guns, or the feats of a Sikh swordsman with his sharp weapon, his chain armour, and his steel gauntlets, may bear to be reminded of the methods taken by the sovereign to replenish the exchequer. The plan was simplicity itself. Everything on which an impost has been ever laid by financiers, civilized and uncivilized, was taxed by Runjeet. There were taxes on lands and houses; on commerce, external and internal; on exports and imports; on manufactures, and on men. In fact, little else was thought of except raising money and making the Sikh army fit to go anywhere, except to Delhi, and to do anything, except to thrash the British. In some districts high military officials held all executive offices combined. They commanded brigades; they collected money, and made remittances to Lahore; they kept order; they exercised sovereign dominion over property and life. Of course authority varied with the disposition of the wielder. Sawun Mull, the father of Dewan Moolraj, left behind him a name for conspicuous ability in Mooltan. Lena Sing exercised a mild and equitable rule at Amritsir and in the Menjha. Hurree Sing in Hazara bl-w offenders by scores from the cannon's mouth. And Avitabile, at Peshawur, showed that a Neapolitan, who possibly had Saracen blood in his veins, could far surpass Oriental despots in refinement of torture and ferocity of penalty. But, in spite of heavy taxation, capricious authority, and absence of improvement, the government of Runjeet Sing was by no means unpopular. Private property in land was respected; peculiar customs were left untouched; and even village communities survived conquest and annexation, though it has been the fashion of late days to try to prove that they were entirely dispersed and broken up. Religious and commercial disputes were settled by arbitration, and after reference to Kazis and Canongoes. Money circulated freely, because what was taken to the Imperial treasury was returned in pay to the soldiery, and in grants conferred on favourite officers, who spent freely what they had got with ease. Trade, though heavily weighted, was brisk. The Maharaja was in the habit of making tours of inspection through his provinces, of receiving petitions from suppliants of every grade and sect, and of summarily punishing functionaries against whom too many complaints were preferred. It is true that there were no courts for civil and criminal actions, only a single officer of justice at Lahore, and only a few heads of police at large towns. Punishments were limited to fine and mutilation, and thieves might be seen begging their bread with one hand, while debtors who would not pay were gently deposited at the bottom of a dry well, or chained, *in terrorem*, at the gates of large cities. There were no roads but cart tracks, and no system of public works. Some attention, however, was paid to boat-building and to ferries, which assume immense importance on such rivers as the Chenab. On the other hand, there were above sixty different kinds of currency to perplex agriculturists and to make the fortune of money-changers. Yet, under a system where nothing at all was done in some departments, and a good deal too much in others, the Government was aggressive without being unpopular, except with the Mussulmans. The territorial dominion increased; the privileges of the Khalsa were paramount; Hindoos were gratified because cows were not slaughtered; plots of land, large or small, were alienated, free of revenue, for religious and secular uses; and this military theocracy might have lasted a good deal longer had it not been that Runjeet Sing died and left no one like himself; that his successors plotted and counterplotted against each other; and that there was nothing left for them at last but to send the army, overbearing, turbulent, and confident of its superiority, against Bengal artillery and British dragoons.

When it devolved on the Governor-General of the day to substitute regular government for arbitrary power, nobody thought of promulgating Constitutions, or ventured to talk of "interpellations," deputies, and local Chambers. The direction of things was then in the hands of a master, and he condescended the execution of his plan to disciples who were of all men the most fitted to carry it out. The letter in which Lord Dalhousie constituted the "Board of Administration for the Affairs of the Punjab," defined its powers, and pointed out its aims and objects, is now before us. It is not sixty paragraphs in length; it is dated the 31st of March, 1849; and, marked as has been the progress of the country in twenty-eight years, during which not a shot has been fired in earnest except on frontier expeditions or during the Mutiny, it is scarcely too much to say that this masterly document contains the germ of almost everything that has been devised and carried out there to this day. There were at first a good many things to be called into existence. There were also some very bad habits to be eradicated. But there were certain Anglo-Indian improvements for which the people were not ripe, and sundry native elements which it was by no means desirable to stamp out, but which could be dexterously combined with our

more artificial and advanced system. The defect of our earlier transformations in other parts of India had sometimes been to neglect or prematurely to crush the last, and to thrust the first on the acceptance of a bewildered and unsympathizing population. To tell how the whole task was accomplished would require volumes. Indeed official volumes have been already written and printed on the subject; and we have only room for a sketch of the framework. The agency under the Board was composed of picked civilians from the other provinces, and of military men who had given evidence of administrative capacity. There were four circles or Commissionerships, with about twenty districts under them. The total number of co-opted officers did not exceed eighty, and they were aided by about forty more, of whom more than one-half were natives, composing the uncovenanted branch of the service. Instead of the elaborate separation of functions prevalent in Hindostan and Bengal, all officers in the various degrees wielded high powers, fiscal, criminal, and civil. A good deal was conceded to personal energy, while sufficient means were taken to check irregularities and to remedy mistakes. A police was organized for town and for country, for the detection as well as the prevention of crime. Not only was the result order and prosperity, not only was gang robbery with violence put down by the imprisonment and execution of the offenders, while cattle stealing—which the inhabitants looked on as a gentlemanly mode of livelihood—was suppressed by less severe and more discriminating penalties, but new crimes were unearthed, of which Runjeet Sing's officials had known nothing. Thugs were hunted down, and converted into mild approvers, though it is fair to state that this class was inferior in subtlety and cold-blooded dexterity to their brethren in Upper and Central India. A penal code—short, intelligible, and of judicious severity—was put into the hands of all who had to administer criminal law. The procedure of the revenue and civil courts was made as simple as was consistent with the ascertainment of truth and the adjudication of controversy. But, above all, the collection of the revenue, on which depend the contentment of the people and the credit of the State, was established on a sound basis. When irritating and vexatious items had been struck out; when payment in money had been substituted for payment in kind; when the aid of headmen and accountants of villages had been called in successfully; when the demand had been fixed with regard to the fertility of the district, the condition of the cultivators, and the returns of former years, a very considerable reduction was made in the Government demand. The diminution, as compared with Runjeet's balance-sheet, was estimated at twenty-five per cent. Early attention was given to alienations and rent-free grants. The delay in settling these claims in Bengal Proper, after the Cornwallis Settlement of 1793, had caused much heartburning and grave public scandal. In the Punjab, under its able native despot, land had been given away, free of revenue, to priests and favourites, saints and sinners, fiddlers, cooks, parasites, and buffoons. All these grants were treated with forbearance. In some cases they were maintained in perpetuity, or for as long as the institution to be benefited might survive. In others they were continued for three lives, or subjected to assessment at half rates after the decease of the incumbent. Pensions in cash, lavishly bestowed, were respected. Everything was done to combine indulgence to idlers with equity to other taxpayers and with the requirements of the State. What was taken out of the province was in a large measure spent within it. Gaols were built; military roads were commenced on a grand scale; local communication was provided. An old canal was reported on and abandoned, and others of grander scope and wider utility were commenced. Even education was not neglected. There were primitive schools already for Sikhs, Hindoos, and Mahomedans; and in the instruction of females the native Government had shown itself ahead of any other part of India. All these institutions were taken up and improved. And when, in addition to the establishment of courts and police stations, the settlement of the revenue, and the construction of roads, gaols, and canals, it stands on record that the Board at Lahore at once undertook to encourage arboriculture, to improve the sanitary condition of filthy cities and huge bazaars, to establish stations in the hills for invalids, to call in discredited currencies, to abolish unnecessary tolls and customs, to relieve merchants and traders of harassing demands, to protect the masses, and yet to conciliate the priests and chiefs—and that they actually did all this—it may not be so unreasonable or absurd to ask whether a similar set of officials could not effect a like bloodless revolution in Bulgaria, Syria, or the Delta of the Nile.

But there is another side of the question, and there are some other considerations essential to success. Naturally errors of practice, and even mistakes of principle, were not avoided. Officials in the Punjab were not always infallible, and after a time people outgrew the era of paternal and patriarchal rule. But from the first there was at the back of this civil agency a compact and disciplined body known as the Punjab Field Force, under the civil Government, and not under the head of the army. At the back of this, again, were the whole weight and prestige of the British Power. There was, in short, a physical force which had shown itself resistless, and a moral ascendancy which might be disliked or dreaded, but could not be denied. There was, further, at the head of the Government, a statesman of consummate ability, from whose pen minutes flowed like words from the mouth of Mr. Gladstone, and who evinced a power of selecting his agents which even Lord Beaconsfield could not surpass. Everything, in short, con-

spired to make the Punjab administration an undeniable success. Recent superiority in arms, moral influence, selection of good officials; the errors of older provinces to warn, and their successes to encourage; absence of opposition by Council, Directors, or Ministry at home; remoteness which allowed a larger discretion, and permitted men to act first and report afterwards; no race of Special Correspondents driven to invent facts for messages, and then to find reasons for their facts; no telegraph, which, by conveying only half the information, excited the distrust of the press and forced inconvenient or premature explanations in Parliament; the implicit confidence of the civil and military services; the assent of the non-official English community; the absence of real opposition or defiance on the part of either Hindoos or Sikhs, and the emancipation of the Moslem from what had been a kind of slavery. Nothing, in short, was wanting to ensure a triumph. Given a similarity of conditions, and the same results might in two years convert Bulgaria into vineyards and corn-fields. But if England might find the requisite agents, how are the circumstances to be reproduced? All that we can say in conclusion is that some simple scheme of equitable personal government, backed by sufficient physical force, would hold out better hopes for a country in which Mahomedanism has ruled oppressively for centuries than a Constitution elaborately drawn out upon paper, and presented to races ignorant of the very rudiments of self-government, under a thin coating of plaster of Paris.

LIVELY PREACHING.

THERE has always been a great complaint of the dulness of sermons, and it must be admitted that, as a general rule, it is not without foundation. The difficulty is that the ordinary subjects of discourse are essentially of a grave and solemn character, and that this naturally affects the manner of treating them. On the whole, however, it may perhaps be doubted whether it is altogether a sound objection to sermons that they are dull, or whether real sermons can be otherwise—that is, dull in the sense of being confined to religious instruction and exhortation, and not directed to the mere entertainment or amusement of an audience. A church is, under its natural conditions, not a place for recreation in any form, but for the cultivation of a state of mind which requires, in order that justice should be done to it, a certain degree of serious attention and reflection. There are, however, some lively preachers, and with different kinds of liveliness. There are some who, by their earnestness, eloquence, and impressive power of demonstration, can keep their hearers deeply interested without in any way deviating from the gravity of their task; while there are others, like Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Moody, who make a point of being funny, and who are not very particular how far they push their jokes. There is also another class who, without descending to such vulgar expedients, aim at securing popularity by a choice of topics which deal, not with the doctrines of religion in its ordinary sense, but with questions of the day in which there are openings for familiar talk and pungent remarks, and for introducing matters of more immediate worldly interest than the usual substance of pulpit deliverances. Within the last week or two a story has been going the round of the papers as to a well-known clergyman who, in giving notice of the subject of a future sermon, either did not speak very distinctly, or at least was not clearly heard, so that the congregation went away under the impression that they were to have a rich treat in a sermon on "The Sanitary Aspects of Hell." The preacher had already shown his cleverness in dealing with such questions by the way in which he had some time before disposed of the Devil, and there was therefore much curiosity to hear his views on another side of a question which has a great fascination for many people. There was accordingly a large attendance at the appointed time, and much disappointment was caused when it became known that a misapprehension had occurred, and that the subject of the sermon was not what it was expected to be, but the more prosaic question of the "Spiritual Aspects of Health." This story is a small one in itself, but it illustrates the tastes of a certain class of church-goers, which naturally have an effect on the habits of preachers. There are a great many people who, apart from any keen religious enthusiasm, like to go to church. It is a break in the monotony of what to them is apt to be a dull day, and it is not everybody who can console himself at home with the *Observer* or *Bell's Life*. There is usually something more or less exhilarating in the sense of being in a multitude, and this is felt in church as elsewhere, while the appearance of the congregation, including the costumes of the ladies, is also not without interest for certain minds. From time to time a discussion springs up as to Sunday amusements, and there can be no doubt that some kinds of religious service are included in the category. Some people, overlooking the meaning and spirit of religious symbolism, go simply for the sake of seeing a brilliant display of vestments and other decorations, and of hearing good music, which supplies them with much the same sense of gratification as they find at a theatre, and which they would probably seek at a theatre if any were open on a Sunday. There is another class, which does not care for such things, but desires to be tickled and amused during the period of what is supposed to be divine service. They do not object to morning prayer, if it is only a prelude to a smart and stirring discourse; and, indeed, they rather like it as an appearance of respectable piety. But what these people go for is the sermon. If

sermon it can be called, and the highest praise which they can bestow on a preacher to their taste is to say that he is "as good as a play."

The relation between supply and demand is thus observable in the clerical as in other professions; and a tendency is evidently developing to provide services which, while conforming to the external aspects of religious worship, shall be of a more stirring and entertaining kind for people of the world. One distinguished preacher of this class, observing that his hearers were getting rather tired of the Bible, took to the modern poets, whose works were found more piquant when recited from the pulpit; and, it is satisfactory to think that, having done Shelley and others, he has still Swinburne in reserve. We find in a less daring shape something of the same kind in a volume of sermons and lectures which Mr. Haweis has just published. Of course it is not called sermons, for that is rather an unpopular title. *Current Coin* takes it out of the ordinary rut and excites curiosity. The cover is adorned with scattered coins of various kinds, and there is a quotation, not from the Psalms, but from the Laureate, at the head of the preface. The author of this volume does not pretend to much originality in its composition, and acknowledges very frankly that the materials have been obtained from well-known books. In fact, the discourses are, when read, obviously crude and superficial; but it is easy to imagine that in delivery they are agreeable to a congregation such as we have described. It is not so much what the speaker has to say, which is often commonplace and empty, as his way of saying it, that gives point to these addresses which are collectively termed "pulpit discourses and platform speeches," though there is no means of distinguishing one from the other. They are all, in fact, lectures, and not, in the ordinary sense, sermons at all. Indeed the main object seems to be to get rid of the ordinary topics and conditions of sermons, and to lead the congregation into fresh woods and pastures new, much more refreshing than stale Scriptural dogmas; and rather to amuse and enliven than to edify them in any serious way. "Materialism" is the first subject we come to in *Current Coin*, and this, as is well known, is one of those questions which a large number of people, being, as a rule, ignorant of what is really meant, approach with a curious feeling of mingled alarm and a sense of seductive temptation. They are rather afraid of it, as of a ghost; but they would like to see whether there is not, after all, something in it. This is a common frame of mind at the present day, not only about this question but about many similar ones, such as Spiritualism. There is a feverish and morbid love of loose speculation which leads many persons to take an interest in matters which to them seem delightfully mysterious, and beyond the ordinary prosaic experiences of the world. In this way they enjoy at once not only the gratification of an idle and unwholesome curiosity, but a sense of elation at their superiority over other people which they fancy they derive from their familiarity with these great problems.

In *Current Coin* the appetite for this kind of stimulant is cleverly appealed to. The author acknowledges that what he has to say about materialism is "little more than an attempt to give a still wider currency" to Mr. Martineau's speculations on this subject; but any one who turns to Mr. Martineau's articles will see at once the difference between the deep and concentrated study, and carefully stated conclusions, of that writer and the vague, scraggy, and superficial mystification which is here made of this subject. Mr. Haweis also says that he has "used freely Bain, Herbert Spencer, Maudsley, Buchner, G. Lewes, Croll, Crookes, A. Pieton, and others," just as if he had their works at his fingers' ends; but his detached, fragmentary quotations from scientific writers, and his vague summary of what he supposes to be their views, certainly do not seem to show that he has any thorough acquaintance with the subject. Mr. Haweis accuses the clergy generally of trying to shut their eyes against the dangerous tendencies of modern science, and of being afraid to come forward boldly to combat them; but it may be doubted whether much is gained by such loose and confused language as is here employed on the subject. He puts the case between himself and the men of science in the form of a conversation, in which of course he has, as he thinks, the best of it. In a public address this method of disposing of an adversary might have some chance of success from the glib, confident manner in which it would be delivered; but when printed in a book its shallowness becomes at once apparent. There is also something equivocal in the preacher's use of the word "Spiritualism" as opposed to "Materialism." As meaning an abstract theory, the word is no doubt justifiable enough; but it is nowadays usually connected with the operations of those who profess to be in communication with invisible spirits, and to be able to bring them down to earth, and Mr. Haweis, whether he means it or not, seems to give some countenance to these pretensions. He expresses, for instance, an opinion that "many of the miraculous phenomena reported in the Old and New Testaments bear the closest resemblance and affinity to the alleged phenomena of modern Spiritualism"; and he adds that "the important question is, not so much whether or no the thing looks trivial, or whether or no the dead are trying to communicate—although that is of course important—but whether the phenomena witnessed prove the possibility of intelligence of some kind, human or otherwise, living and acting upon matter without the brain and nervous system, declared by physiologists to be indispensable to the very existence of any intelligence." And then he goes on to say, "This is the real reason why modern Spiritualism cannot get a hearing with most scientific men." The truth is, of course, that,

as the matter stands, it is purely a question of scientific research, and the Spiritualists, while alleging the existence of certain physical marvels, produce no evidence which can be adequately tested. Again, in a sermon on the Devil, Mr. Haweis expresses, not exactly his belief, but his readiness to believe, in good and evil spirits operating in the world; and, after a jumble of remarks about the "mighty influences of dynamic power," "the strange and subtle vibrations of heat rays," electricity and "its curious connexion with nerve force, of which it may be only one subtle modification," he suggests that "some such agency as that, being controlled and directed by external intelligence, may be used as an instrument for setting up brain waves, and creating in the mind impulses and thoughts." He does not distinctly state at what conclusion he himself arrives, but vaguely remarks that "modern Spiritualism offers to produce intelligence of some kind, acting upon matter, and yet unconnected with a brain and a nervous system"; and that, if this could be proved, "God is conceivable." It cannot be said that this random way of discussing a question depending on exact evidence and scientific knowledge is likely to have a beneficial effect on the minds which are influenced by it. What the preacher seems to be doing is to excite the imagination while confusing the mind as to the conditions on which logical and reasonable conclusions can be obtained. He even goes out of his way to speak a good word for that horrible print, the *Police News*, simply because, "whatever there is unwholesome about it, through it the imagination is exercised, and the people forget themselves." He is also in favour of Moody and Sankey, though he thinks some of their doctrines to be untrue and absurd, because they can move the people. Another characteristic remark is that "many of us are beginning to feel that the religious worship of the future will be different in fashion from any of our received and time-honoured forms," and that, in his opinion, "it does not seem to matter much what the form is." He has, he states, "learned to be almost as happy in the Roman, Greek, or Jewish churches, as in the Protestant." It may be doubted whether efforts of this kind to excite a feverish and restless curiosity as to mysterious problems, to start the mind on delusive trains of thought, and destroy that habit of quiet, sober reflection which is the necessary basis of fixed principles, can be included in the category, either of sound religious instruction, or of sound instruction of any kind.

RECRUITING.

THERE are two opposite and contending views as to the condition of the army, against both of which we have always protested. On the one side, there is the optimist view, of which the *Times* may be taken as the representative, that the British army is somehow or other always sure to come all right, and that, though the numbers, training, discipline, and physical force of the troops may not be exactly what they should be, still, under Providence, there is in the country a sort of latent reserve—not indeed exactly visible, but devoutly believed in by those who walk rather by faith than sight—which may be relied on to save us in any emergency. Thus we were assured in the *Times* of Wednesday that the existing system of recruiting has been proved by recent experience to be "in every respect satisfactory"; that "the army is fully manned"; and that "a sufficient number of recruits continue to offer themselves." That a widely-read journal, with any respect for its own reputation, should publish such astounding statements in the face of notorious facts, and of a body of intelligent military men, as well as civilians, who are perfectly aware of the real state of the case, is certainly somewhat startling. There is no doubt a certain modicum of truth in what the *Times* asserts, and we shall presently examine what it amounts to; but these broad and sweeping assertions of the absolute perfection of military administration and of the satisfactory condition of the army are simply nonsense, and are laughed at as such in every mess-room in the kingdom. As far as can be ascertained, the state of things is somewhat better than it was a few years ago, and it may be believed that among the authorities there is an earnestness of purpose which has certainly not been conspicuous in previous periods. All this we cheerfully admit; but the fact remains that this hollow and ecstatic parade of our army being fully manned, and our system of recruitment beyond improvement even by the most desperate efforts of human ingenuity, involves an utterly false view of the actual position of affairs, and, if it is persisted in, will be fraught with the gravest danger to the country. On the other hand, there is the view of the Radical economists, who grudge every farthing spent on the defence of the country, and are convinced that a sufficient show of military strength could be kept up at a much lower expenditure. Mr. Holms is perhaps the most thoroughgoing exponent of this way of looking at the army. The other day he made a speech to his constituents at Hackney in which he remarked that the success of the public in pushing aside official diplomacy, and inventing a foreign policy for itself, showed what might be done in other directions, if it would only take everything into its own hands in the same way; and of course the army was included in this scheme. It may perhaps be doubted whether the particular instance which was cited of the effect of an outbreak of ignorant clamour and agitation is particularly encouraging; but, after all, the army is even a more ticklish matter than foreign affairs to be dealt with in this way. Mr. Holms assumes that, if the people sent the War Office about its business, and took the management

of the army to itself, it would adopt Mr. Cobden's principle that "it did not require a military man to know that great economy might be gained by placing the army under a different organization"; and he thinks that the same mismanagement still prevails, that the increase of the military estimates ought to be resolutely resisted. And here, again, as in the optimist view, there is a certain amount of truth. The system on which the army is administered is by no means perfect. On the contrary, it has some serious deficiencies; and no one who knows anything of its actual working can doubt that some changes are urgently required. The present relations between the army and the militia are certainly not conducive to real military strength; and in other ways a proper return is not obtained for the money spent. At the same time Mr. Holms and his party make a great mistake in imagining that there is any chance of cutting down the aggregate outlay necessary for maintaining an efficient army. In some respects the money now voted might be spent to more advantage than at present; but everything seems to show that, in the nature of things, an army in a country like ours continually grows much more expensive than formerly. Temporary difficulties may have lately affected the demand for labour and scale of wages; but there can be no question that there is a general tendency towards an increase of wages, and consequently of the cost of living, and that this process is only temporarily suspended. Again, though soldiering has certain advantages, it is not, as things are, a very attractive occupation. It ties up a man's personal freedom very much, and is a hindrance to marriage; and it is not surprising that there should be a large class who regard it with something like aversion. These are facts which must be taken into account, and they all point to an unavoidable increase in the price of soldiers.

It appears, therefore, that the present state of things is pretty much this—that the army is not strong enough, and that to strengthen it must necessarily be a rather expensive process. It is true that at the present moment recruiting is more successful than usual. Trade is slack, and employment restricted; and it has always been observed that the military spirit of the country rises at a time of national danger and consequent excitement. A short time ago a calculation appeared in the *Times* that the total number of recruits enlisted during last year would at least come very near twenty-four thousand. It is now supposed that it will amount to over twenty-five thousand. This is good news, of course, as far as it goes; but it must not be forgotten that there are two sides to the picture, and that, if the number of recruits is growing, there is also in the present year a greater number of vacancies in the ranks. The 2,300 men who entered the Infantry of the Line in August 1870 for six years' service will soon have completed it, and, though a certain proportion of these may be disposed to return to the ranks, many of them will probably seek another livelihood. At any rate, the prospect of a large number of vacancies on this account must be kept in view, and, if possible, provided for. Moreover during the Crimean War a large body of men were enlisted for twenty-one years, and these have also reached, or are approaching, the end of their engagement. There is also another reason why more recruits are now required, and that is because the establishment was last spring enlarged by the addition of about 3,600 men, nearly the whole number being assigned to the Infantry of the Line. It is said that the six-year engagements expiring just now amount to about 2,300; and it is expected that at the end of the present year no less than 8,700 will be ready to leave, while at the end of the next three years the number of men finishing their engagements would rise to at least 10,600. The official estimate of the number of men who will have to be found every year in order to keep up the regular establishment of the army is from 27,000 to 28,000; but the *Times* acknowledges that this is probably under the mark, and that "something like 30,000 recruits" will have to be raised each year. Under these circumstances, it is obviously a very important question what likelihood there is of making up the number. Even assuming that, as is alleged, last year more than 25,000 recruits joined the army, and that, as the *Times* says, the rate of increase continues to be more than maintained, and there is reason to anticipate that "the large demands of 1877 will be substantially met"—this may be accounted for, to a certain extent, by the exceptional condition of the country, and affords no criterion as to how far a similar supply can be depended on. While the general demand for labour is low, the allowance of deferred pay at the rate of twopence a day to privates, and the improved position of non-commissioned officers, may be expected to produce a good effect; and, even when industry revives, it is probable that these boons to the soldier will help to counteract the competition of the open market with the recruiting service; but will all this be enough to secure permanently the required number of recruits? It is also said that the number of desertions are increasing, and that the statistics published on the subject give an exaggerated idea of the number of offenders in this way, inasmuch as many rejoin voluntarily or upon apprehension after short absence; but here again, assuming desertion to have diminished, it is a question whether this is owing to the same causes as the increased recruiting, and whether it is likely to be a permanent improvement.

On the whole, it is evident that, although something may have been done to place the army on a sounder footing, which the circumstances of the time have favoured, it is dangerously premature to be too confident as to the perfection of our military system. It

must be remembered that, in order to procure recruits at the present rate, it has been necessary to reduce the standard of height, and there is, we fear, too much truth in the assertions which are made that the new recruits do not possess the right kind of build and stamina. Again, even if it were admitted that the establishment, if fully made up, is sufficient—which it certainly is not—what about its organization as an active force? There was a great deal of talk lately about arrangements for the mobilization of the army; but, as far as can be seen, very little has been done except on paper. There is floating about a vague idea of organization, but it has not been reduced to practical shape. These are very serious questions, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will not be lulled into a false and perilous sense of security.

THE BATTLE OF ETHANDUN.

IT is sometimes a long while before any real examination can be given to a discourse made at a meeting of a local society. The better the discourse is the less it is likely, at all events if it raises any controversy or starts any new points, to be really taken in at the time. If there is much reference to authorities, much stating of arguments on one side and another, it is almost impossible to judge of them from the mere hearing. It is rash to say "yea" or "nay" on the spot; and the speaker may be well satisfied if his hearers go away, neither affirming nor denying his positions, but admitting that they are at any rate worth examining, and resolving to look fully into them whenever they have the chance. That chance in most cases will not come till the *Transactions* are published, and that is often not for a very long time. By that time the hearers most likely remember very little, except that there was something in the discourse which they thought was worth considering; but if they remember the speaker's general conclusion, it will be as much as they are likely to do. His particular arguments they probably caught but imperfectly at the time, and they certainly will not have remembered them. When they get it in print, they will have to begin from the beginning, as if they had never heard of the matter before. Was there nothing gained by reading the discourse in public in the first instance? Yes, a good deal. It is quite certain that more people would be set thinking about the matter by hearing a discourse than if the discourse had simply been printed without ever being read; and the chances are that, if it had not been designed to be read, it would never have been written. We have been led into this train of thought by a discourse read before a local body a year and a half ago, which greatly struck all who heard it at the time, but which nobody had much opportunity of really testing till a long time afterwards. In 1875, at the Frome meeting of the Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society, a discourse was made by Dr. Clifford, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, which illustrates all the processes that we have just been describing. Its object was to show that Ethandun, the site of Alfred's victory over the Danes, was not, as is generally thought, Edington, in Wiltshire—well known for its beautiful church, the work of the famous Bishop of Winchester who bore the name of the place—but rather a less known Edington, in Somerset. The place of the decisive battle is thus moved very much nearer the sea, to the ridge of Poldon, between Glastonbury and Bridgewater. Every one who heard the paper at once recognized it for a work which showed thought and ingenuity, careful reading, and skillfully applied local knowledge; on the other hand, the theory was startling in itself, and it was plain that the Bishop had not always made enough of critical distinction between contemporary authorities and later writers. Few perhaps were wholly convinced; but every one must have felt that the Bishop's theory, whether right or wrong, was not a mere craze, but had something to say for itself, and at least deserved an answer. We have now the paper before us, and we remain somewhat in the same mind. The theory is very ingenious, very plausible; some real arguments are brought in its favour; but, on the other hand, Bishop Clifford has rather done injustice to his own case by some arguments and some attempts at etymology which, to say the least, do not strengthen it. One merit however at least the Bishop has. He has gone into the topography of the question more thoroughly than any one before him. We do not commit ourselves to his sites; but they are not sites taken at random or merely copied from some one else; he has tried to fix the spot in the only way in which spots can be fixed, by going over his ground with the original authorities, if not in his hand, at least in his head. We cannot say that we accept his identification of Ethandun with the same unhesitating confidence with which we accepted Mr. James Parker's identification of Æscesdun. But the argument, whether equally successful or not, is essentially of the same kind. Whether Bishop Clifford is right or not in placing Cynwit at the mouth of the Parret, he at least has done better than the many writers before him who have been satisfied simply to copy the name Cynwit, without making any effort to find out where Cynwit might be. And if his site is not the real site of Cynwit, yet any ancient place of defence by so historic a stream as the Parret is sure to have been the site of some historic event or other, and we may at least thank him for setting us thinking about it.

The position of Cynwit is, in fact, the corner stone of Bishop Clifford's argument. The *Chronicles* record that in 878, when it was still winter, while Alfred was wandering in the woods and marshes and was not yet entrenched at Athelney, as he was by Easter,

a brother of Ingwar and Halfdene landed in Devonshire, but was there killed by the English, with many of his men, and the famous standard of the Danish raven was taken. When the Chronicles say that the landing took place in Devonshire, we need not trouble ourselves with a theory that it was not in Devonshire, but at Strangford Loch in Ireland. This last doctrine was maintained in the *Athenæum* by Mr. Howorth, who about the same time was amusing his neighbours at Manchester by arguing against the title of "Sovereign Lady of India," on the ground that, when there was a King, he would have to be called "Sovereign Gentleman of India." Bishop Clifford has not much to fear from objectors of this kind; but it is a little daring, when the Chronicle says that the landing was in Devonshire, to place it near Cannington in Somerset. Tourists, to be sure, set down all West Somerset as part of Devonshire; but Bishop Clifford does not deal with geography in this fashion. He argues that the boundary between the two shires was drawn by Alfred himself, which he supports by arguments which are ingenious, but which rest on no positive authority. Again, in the *Life* which goes by the name of Asser, the place is given as "Cynwit," which is followed by those who follow that *Life* or draw from the same sources, as Florence and the Chronicle which goes by the name of Simeon of Durham. Bishop Clifford identifies *Cynwit* with *Combwich*, which seems to us rather dangerous. We do not at all cast aside the authority of the so-called Asser; we should rather put this passage along with the description of *Æscedun* among the arguments for believing that large parts at least of the *Life* are genuine. The writer is a Welshman who had seen the place. No later forger could so successfully have put on that character. Asser then, as we have not the least scruple in calling him, adds to the statement in the Chronicle that the place was in Devonshire the further statement that its name was *Cynwit*, and he gives some further topographical and military details. *Æthelweard* adds that the defender of the place was the Alderman Odda, and he further adds that, though the Danish King and many of his followers were slain, yet "victorie obtinent locum etiam Dani." This is the amount of our knowledge, and from it we do not feel justified in positively fixing the site at *Combwich*. There is no distinct authority for it, and the difficulties are great in the way of believing that the mouth of the *Parret* could have been said to be in Devonshire. On the other hand, before positively saying that it is not *Combwich*, it would be well to look through all possible sites within the strict boundaries of Devonshire, and if none can be found that suits our purpose, we may then discuss *Combwich* again. But we must decline to follow Bishop Clifford in bringing in pieces from John of Wallingford, from the so-called John Brompton, and even from the false *Ingulf*. We must settle it by the Chronicles, Asser, and *Æthelweard*. The so-called Brompton is certainly not a writer of the end of the twelfth century, but rather belongs to the fourteenth. He has his use; he preserves documents, he preserves legends, and he sometimes preserves words and names. His account of the reign of Alfred is the most confused thing in the world; it has a certain value, but not the kind of value which enables us to use it for facts or the order of facts. He does not tell us where *Hubba*, which seems to have been the name of Ingwar's brother, was killed, but he says that he was buried under a tump, and that the tump was very naturally called *Hubbalowe*. This is not likely to be invention; it must be real tradition; and if we could anywhere find a tump known as *Hubbalowe*, we should have made a real point. Bishop Clifford has found near *Combwich* a tump which would do perfectly well for *Hubbalowe* if there was any evidence that it had ever borne that name. But he can find nothing nearer than the name of *Upper Cock*, borne by a farm a mile off. It is with a kind of desperate ingenuity that Bishop Clifford adds, "*cock* is a word still in use to signify a mound or hillock, as when we speak of a *hay-cock*. To *cock* is to set erect or raise on piles. May not then *Upper Cock* be a corruption of *Udbacoc*, the mound of *Udba*?"

We are therefore unable unreservedly to accept Bishop Clifford's theory as to the site of the Danish landing, though we cannot but admire the surprising ingenuity with which he puts together his fragments from all sources so as to make a coherent narrative. In *Æthelweard's* story there is the difficulty which often meets us in the Chronicles in accounts of battles with the Danes, that, though the English had the better in the field, yet the Danes kept possession of the ground. And in this case they must have had possession of something more than the ground, namely the old British fortress, or whatever it was, which the English were defending. Bishop Clifford is provided with another army of Danes, in fact the main army under Guthrum, to occupy the fortress after Odda has left it in order to join the King. Our only objection is that we can find nothing like this in the Chronicles or in Asser. We should be glad, if we could, to connect this isolated exploit with the great victory that followed; but the only materials that we can trust do not allow us to do so. The landing in Devonshire was in the winter. We do not profess to fix when winter ended; but the fight at *Ethandun* was not till seven weeks after Easter, that is to say not till nearly the middle of May. The seven weeks' sojourn at *Athelney* comes after the taking of the *Raven* in Devonshire. Then comes the gathering at *Eggbrihtstone* at the east end of *Selwood*, and then the fight at *Ethandun*. According to the Bishop's theory, the main Danish army remained all this time in the vale of *Bridgewater*. The King gathers his army at *Eggbrihtstone*, and then a two days' march brings him, not to *Edington* in Wiltshire, but to *Edington* in Somerset,

and the battle is fought on *Poldon Hill*. The first day's march, according to the Chronicles, took them to *Eglea*, or *Iglea*, a place which seems hitherto not to be identified, but which Bishop Clifford holds to be *Edgarley*, close to *Glastonbury*. If so, the name of *Edgarley* must of course be a name made up in modern times, which is perfectly possible, but which we cannot assume without knowing something of the history of the name. The fact that it is, as the Bishop says, popularly sounded *Egerley*, and that it is so written in some old maps, does not prove very much. *Egar* is the common vulgar pronunciation of *Edgar*, but it is not likely that *Icklia* or *Eglea* should have got lengthened into *Edgarley* or *Egerley* by anything except an unlucky guess of some antiquary. Moreover, to carry the army in one day from *Brixton Deveril*, or anywhere in the *Deveril* country, through forests, hills, and marshes, to a point just under *Glastonbury Tor*, and to make them fight a battle on *Poldon* the next day, does seem very sharp work. On the other hand, there is the fact that all that followed the peace between *Ælfred* and *Guthrum*, the baptism at *Aller* and the *chrisom-loosing* at *Wedmore*, are much nearer to *Edington* in Somerset than to *Edington* in Wiltshire. But then *Aller* is close to *Ælfred's* headquarters at *Athelney*, and *Wedmore* was a dwelling-place of the West-Saxon kings, and the choice of these places for peaceful ceremonies need not have been dictated by reasons wholly military. If only the Chronicles and Asser had given us one name more, we might perhaps have had no difficulty. After the battle of *Ethandun*, *Alfred* followed the Danes to a fortress which the Chronicles call simply a "work," and Asser simply "*arx*" and "*paganica arx*"; but they give the place no name. Bishop Clifford again, with much ingenuity, but with no direct authority, places it on the site of *Bridgewater*. Our only approach to a geographical indication certainly looks the other way. It will be remembered that the headquarters of the Danes at the beginning of the year were at *Chippenham*; and they must have gone back to *Chippenham* after the Peace of *Wedmore*, because it was from *Chippenham* that they marched to *Cirencester* at the beginning of the next year. In default of any evidence to the contrary, we should set *Chippenham* down as their permanent headquarters throughout the year. We should therefore look for the battles somewhere in that direction, at the Wiltshire rather than at the Somersetshire *Edington*, and the notice of *Æthelweard* looks this way, though it might not of itself absolutely prove it. "*Post pascha illius anni coaptavit bellum Ælfred rex adversus exercitus qui in Cippanhamme fuere in loco Edindune victorieque obtinet [obtinere?] nomen.*" This certainly looks on the whole as if the battle was fought by one army marching from *Deveril* and another from *Chippenham*. So we are, on the whole, inclined to keep to the Wiltshire *Edington*. But if Bishop Clifford can bring any distinct proof that the mouth of the *Parret* could have been said to be in Devonshire, and that no place in Devonshire proper will do for the events that took place at *Cynwit*, we shall allow that the question is fairly open for reconsideration.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

OUR notice last week of the pictures now at Burlington House ended with some remarks on the specimens of *Vandyck* in the third room. The "*Portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria*" (100), the companion picture to the half-length of the King, is far above it in merit, being remarkable for the extreme skill and beauty of the colouring, in which a delicate effect of white is finely lighted up with three or four touches of red in the head-dress and bodice. The only fault one could rest on is the somewhat awkward affectation of the right hand. Next to this hangs a large *Rubens* of "*Queen Tomyris with Cyrus's Head*" (99), which one is inclined to regard as entirely a studio picture, especially on turning from the comparative feebleness of the heads in the left corner to those of the Virgin and Child in 105. Here brightness has perhaps been carried to an extreme, and the left leg of the Child is awkward; but the management of the red and blue drapery is masterly, and in the Christ's head there is a poetry not often found in *Rubens*. The Virgin's head is in expression nothing more than pleasing and good-humoured; but the painting is stronger than any to be found in the "*Queen Tomyris*." On the same wall with this is a picture (107), purporting to represent *Titian* and *Andrea Franceschini*, painted by the master. According to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "the execution is that of a painter of the seventeenth century, whose style recalls *Odoardo Fialetti*." It may be noted that the dry, careful, and minute style of the painting is unlike *Titian's* later manner, while the painter's own portrait shows him as a man of at least sixty. The painting is also very thin, which may in part be due to scraping; but, as far as one can tell, it can never have been thick. Whoever was its author, the work stands out in a majesty of repose and strength which is undeniable. Of the other portrait (111) attributed to *Titian* it is needless to speak. The four corners of the room are filled with allegorical decorative subjects by *Paolo Veronese*, evidently intended to be seen from below and at a distance, which does not prevent their masterly breadth and simplicity of treatment from having effect as they are now seen. The names given to them by *Crozat* are not happy; the first (95), in which a man and woman are

led by a Cupid who has enchained the woman to "an undraped female figure seated on a globe," who offers a wreath more, it seems to us, to the man than to the woman, is called "L'Amour Heureux." This would perhaps be better termed "Love's Victory," or simply "Marriage." Another (126) is ludicrously misnamed "Le Respect," whereas the mere look and action of the man and the Cupid who is just pulling his sword from its sheath, indicate that it should be rather "Love at First Sight." What is certain about No. 115 is that it should not be called "Le Dégout"; to find an appropriate name for it is perhaps not easy; but, seeing that it represents a condition of things opposite to that in 95, the man being captive and helpless instead of the woman, one might suggest "Love's Revenge." "L'Infidélité," the name given to 103, is the happiest of the four, but might be advantageously changed for "Intrigue." Among the Dutch pictures, "The Negro Boy" (133), by Cuyp, is better in its beautifully luminous landscape than in the figures; and a "Landscape" (139), by Hobbema, a pleasant specimen enough, seems weak and feeble compared with the same painter's "Landscape and Cattle" (223) in another room, a picture full of sunlight and imaginative suggestion, without any of the dryness sometimes found in Hobbema. Returning to the third room, we find in 114 a landscape and figures in bad condition but of much beauty, attributed to Giorgione; and in 117, "Interior of a Guard Room," by Teniers the younger, an excellent example of the style to which M. Meissonier and Señor Domingo have recurred, and a proof of their superiority to its originators. Rembrandt's "Potiphar's Wife Accusing Joseph" (130) might for some reasons have been advantageously hung close to Turner's "Rembrandt's Daughter" (261), placed in Gallery No. X. This picture is not only an attempt of the English painter to take Rembrandt's ground, but seems from the likeness in the arrangement, which extends to the red chair used in both works, to have been actually suggested by the "Potiphar's Wife." The Rembrandt, which is in the painter's latest style, in spite of its being black and apparently injured, exhibits an extraordinary richness, which contrasts strangely with the chalkiness of the Turner, in which, however, the glazing must have faded. But the difference of effect between the two works lies deeper than this, in Turner's habit of merging his half tints in a general glow to which patches of deep shade were opposed, while Rembrandt, against a general gloom involving the half tints, brought out strong and telling lights.

Leaving the third for the fourth room, we come upon a "Virgin and Child" (140), by Domenico Ghirlandaio, which, despite its injured condition, is most beautiful in its simplicity, in the tenderness of its landscape, and the rapt expression of the St. John. The next picture (141), an unfinished work in tempera on canvas, of "Christ before Pontius Pilate," may or may not be by Lucas van Leyden, to whom it is assigned in the Catalogue. A suggestion which has been made, that it is Italian, seems inconsistent with the German type of the limbs and heads. But it is perhaps better to admire the strength of the performance than to try to decide on its origin. A "Crucifixion" by Murillo (145) is completely disfigured by the bad taste of its blue velvet mounting and of three Fra Angelicos (154, 155, 159), the first is the best preserved, and is a good example of the painter's beautiful delicacy of touch and colour. The third is a somewhat doubtful specimen, although the painter was least happy when dealing with martyrdoms. A diptych (157) of the Crucifixion by Memling is very fine in composition, colour, and expression, but illustrates curiously how the Dutch in such subjects went the opposite way to the Italians in bringing out the harshness and ugliness of the scene. The same painter's "Entombment" (165) is a fine example. A "Crucifixion" (163), attributed to Wohlgemuth or Dürer, is probably by the former, and the other picture (173) assigned to Dürer is so injured that it would be rash to offer any opinion on its authenticity. Of two Pinturicchio's (172, 188), the first, "The Dismissal of Hagar," is very quaint and pleasing, while there is something attractive in the landscape of the second, which represents Jupiter's pursuit of Io. In 170 and 176 we have two fine decorative compositions by Beechiacca of the "History of Joseph." The misuse of Raffaele's influence in the colouring is noticeable, the lights and shades of each piece of drapery being absolutely different in colour. Between these is a very tender "Virgin and Child" (174), attributed to Francesca, which looks more like the work of Fra Lippo Lippi, by whom is a beautiful "Annunciation" (179). It is noticeable that the type of the Virgin's head is very like that in the Louvre, which is known to have been painted from Lucrezia Buti. It would be no easy matter to assign a definite authorship to the "Virgin and Child" (182) set down in the Catalogue as "Italian school, fifteenth century." The angels' heads, all taken from one type and extremely pretty, are not unlike Filippino, while the architecture reminds one of Mantegna. A sketch of "St. George and the Dragon" (189), attributed to Giorgione, has the fine qualities of the Venetian colourists; and in a dark portrait, said to be of San-solino, assigned to the same hand, the face is fine and expressive, but the handling hardly equal to that generally found in this painter's work. A portrait of "Raffaele when a Boy" (162), by Giovanni Santi, should be noticed for its simple beauty; and one of Queen Mary (171), by Lucas de Heere, for the extremely careful painting of the elaborate dress.

In the remaining rooms the British is better represented than the foreign schools. A mythological subject, supposed to represent the story of the nymph Lara (194), by Schiavone, is a fine sketch of pleasing colour; "El Sueño" (198), by Murillo, has the somewhat effeminate grace usually given by the painter to such

subjects; while his "Spanish Gipsies" (206) is full of brightness and humour. Ribera's "Aaron with the Rod that Budded" (203) is marked by more than his usual masterly workmanship. There is very much breadth and grandeur in "Venice; Storm Clearing Off" (260), by Guardi; and the "Bridge at Verona" (239), by Canaletto, is a fine example. The worst part of it, as usual, is the water; but the picture is full of atmosphere, and the buildings stand grandly out, while the detail of the painting is unusually careful. While speaking of this we may mention "The Custom-House Quay in 1757" (245), the best of three works by Scott, a British painter of the school of Canaletto. A portrait of himself, by Andrea del Sarto (279), is a fine piece of work, which must have been done shortly before his death. Considering the unhappiness supposed to overshadow his life, the jovial expression of the face is curious. As to 269, which is called a Leonardo da Vinci, one feels much the same curiosity about the people who believe it to be by that painter as Charles Lamb did about the person who asked if Milton was not a clever man. Two portraits (281, 285), the first in Sebastian del Piombo's Roman style, the second by Bronzino, are very sombre and severe. Hol-bein's "Portrait of Henry VIII." (249) is a fine example, and Rubens's "Allegorical Sketch for a Ceiling in Whitehall" (284) is very dashing. The only specimen of Terburg in the exhibition, "Portrait of the Princess de Condé" (277), is a most delicate piece of work. The expression of the face is beautiful, the treatment of colour shown in the red table-cover and chair admirable, and the touch of the whole thing, noticeable especially in the lace of the dress, exquisite.

Gainsborough's "Portrait of Paul Cobb Methuen" (224) seems, as far as the dress is concerned, a not completely happy attempt at repeating the effect of the Blue Boy; but the face is very delicate. In the "Landscape and Figures" (205) the whole effect is darker than usual, and there is something like a recollection of Salvator in the rocks; the figures in the foreground are very pretty, but the cattle are marred by an extraordinary light red cow. In a "Family Group" (202) the figures, except that of the little girl, are stiff and pedantic, while the suggestion of landscape at the back is in the painter's best style. Sir Joshua's "Negro Boy" (219) with a basket of fruit is extraordinarily impressive. An actual dignity is given to the little black face, and the treatment of the brown dress is masterly. A sketch of a negro, said to be Dr. Johnson's servant (290), is also marvellously expressive. It is curious to compare the method of this with the more smooth and laboured manner of the less finished but beautiful sketch of the "Portraits of Countess Spencer and her Daughter" (293). A most charming work is the "Portraits of Master Paul Cobb Methuen and his Sister" (283); the bright movement of the cat, dog, and laughing child on the left makes a delicious contrast to the tiny girl who sits, with pretty stolidness, holding a bunch of flowers in each hand. It is curious, in turning from such a work as this to the "Portrait of Sir Will. Meadows on Horseback" (256), by Stubbs, which is, it must be said, masterly in its way, to reflect that Stubbs's prices were on the whole higher than Reynolds's. Of two Zoffany's, the better is a portrait of the actor "Thurston, in the 'Merry Beggars of Sherwood'" (267), which is full of humorous expression and life. Of the remaining Raeburns, perhaps the best is the "Portrait of Nathaniel Spens" (268), inasmuch as it triumphs over the difficulties presented by the hideous archer's dress. There are three portraits of Lady Hamilton, by Romney, the most pleasing of which is perhaps that which represents her as "Cassandra" (222). We have left unnoticed as yet the only Cotman in the exhibition, a "River Scene" (278), in which the treatment of sky and water is full of breadth and suggestion. The only blot upon the pleasing effect of the whole is found in the monotonous colour of the boats on the right hand. On the whole, one may be very well satisfied with the present exhibition.

REVIEWS.

HEER'S PRIMÆVAL SWITZERLAND.*

PROFESSOR OSWALD HEER'S reputation as a geologist and naturalist has been firmly established by his original and valuable researches into the fossil flora of the Arctic regions, as well as by his important works on the Tertiary flora of his own country and the remains of the Swiss lake-dwellings. His scientific merits and services have been recognized in this country by grants from the Geological Society and by the award of the Society's gold medal in 1874. Of his numerous contributions to science none can be reckoned of greater value than his *Primæval World of Switzerland*, which appeared in German at Zürich in 1865, and in French at Basle and Geneva in 1872. We are surprised that no English edition should have made its appearance before this, but are glad to find the blank at length supplied by the carefully prepared edition before us. The French version has, we are told, been principally consulted by the editor, who has had the aid of many suggestions from the author himself. The illustrations, which are admirably executed, and contribute much to set forth the writer's views as well as to embellish

* *The Primæval World of Switzerland*. With 560 Illustrations. By Professor Heer, of the University of Zürich. Edited by James Heywood, M.A., F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1876

the work, have been lent by the Zürich publishers. There is, however, one thing against which we have to enter a passing protest. Before getting far into the first volume we are surprised to read, "As to the mode in which reefs are now formed Professor Heer has received from Darwin very exact ideas." It is something new, we thought, for authors thus to intersperse in their books sentences in the third person. A little further on we find in the text, "If the distribution of land and water has been correctly represented in Professor Heer's map, &c." In short, it soon becomes apparent that we have not Professor Heer directly speaking. What we have is rather the translator's or editor's paraphrase or summary of what the Professor has to say. To what extent this has been the practice throughout we have no means of knowing, without having the original text at hand. Whether the work itself may be the better or the worse for modifications or abridgments of this kind is another matter. What we complain of is that no indication should be afforded of the point where the Professor ceases to speak and the translator or editor takes up the tale. It is needless to point out how seriously such a practice must tend to detract from the authenticity of any translation.

Few countries are richer than Switzerland in natural documents respecting the remote history of the earth. Nowhere else are there ampler or more varied opportunities afforded to the student for tracing the succession of plants and animals through the different geological formations, or for investigating those terrestrial changes to which is due the existing configuration of the earth's surface. The *Primaevial World of Switzerland* comprises an epitome of well nigh the entire series of organisms in which the records of life lie written. At the same time the geological or biological history of the country cannot be made clear without taking cognizance of the general development of nature; so that, while narrating the Swiss annals of natural history, we should give concurrent attention to the aspects and characteristic changes of other parts of the globe. In the mountain world of Switzerland, Professor Heer begins by saying, the geological history of the whole world is immured. The mighty revolutions which have passed on the globe are portrayed in the lofty walls of rock, the deep valleys, and the marvellously contorted strata of that interesting land. Evidences of strange convulsions meet the eye. Nature is seen in wild disorder, mountains rent asunder, and rocks shattered. Again, fertile periods of quiet development may be traced, when the tranquil surface of the earth was clothed with a rich vegetation, land and water giving sustenance to varied races of plants and animals whose remains are found at the present day in tombs of rock. Not extending his specific survey beyond the range of life upon the earth, nor even, as a rule, beyond the Carboniferous period, our author has not felt himself bound to enter systematically into the field of Palaeozoic inquiry, still less into that of the Azoic deposits of the earthen crust, during which to all appearance the most prominent features of the country, the great mountain chains and the main river-system, had their origin. How far Professor Heer lends his support to the views of M. Elie de Beaumont as regards the upheaval and configuration of the Alpine series we do not clearly gather, or whether he holds more to the theory of shrinkage and wrinkling of the earth's crust than to that of volcanic outbursts and upward action as the great motive cause of the manifest disruption and contortion of strata. As the lowest and oldest story of the Swiss temple of nature, at the stage when his survey of the world begins, he takes the Valais, in front of which canton stand two pyramidal mountains, the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi. Everywhere, as we go from the upper or eastern part of the Lake of Geneva towards the Valais, these two mountains meet the eye, and between them lies the main valley of the canton. The rocks at the foot of these mountains comprise fossil remains belonging to the early Carboniferous strata. Numerous forms of plants of this series are found here in sandstone, the substance of the plant having disappeared to be replaced by a thin coat of yellowish-white talc, of a silvery lustre, which preserves the vegetable form and internal structure. A careful and elaborate analysis of the various forms of plant life yielded by these deposits enables the geologist to reproduce with close fidelity the aspect of the vegetation at the stage when the coal plants fringed the shallow seas, or crowded in dense masses the lagoons and marshes of subtropical continents or islands. The high Alps were already upreared, but at their feet lay a fresh-water expanse, surrounding an island of considerable size. The island was covered with a rich and varied vegetation, Professor Heer having recognized in the anthracitic deposits 46 species of plants, of which 26 are found in the coals of other parts of Europe, and 24 in the coal beds of North America. Seven species are peculiar to Switzerland. Adding those of the Isère, we have 64 species. Of these, 28 species belong to the ferns, 5 to the club-mosses (*Lycopodiaceæ*), 7 to the horsetails (*Equisetaceæ*), and 4 to the flowering plants (*Phanerogamia*). The structure of these various forms is clearly shown in the woodcuts which accompany the text. The general aspect of the Swiss landscape during the Carboniferous period is well displayed in the first of a series of ideal pictures which form an instructive feature of the book:—

In it we have endeavoured to represent the principal types of the Swiss Carboniferous flora as they appeared in life. The ferns in the left of the foreground represent *Odontopteris Brardii*, and the tree with furcate branches and those to the left in the background *Lepidodendron (Sagenaria) Veltheimianum*; the short-stemmed bushes with large tufts of leaves show *Cordaites borussifolia*, the trees in the middle distance *Pecopteris cyathæa*, and those in the right corner a group of Calamites with some *Sigillaria*; in

the water float the leaf-stars of the *Annularia* and a young *Sigillaria (Stigmaria)*. This group shows us scarcely anything but flowerless trees, the bark of which had a peculiar ornamentation. They were by no means larger than the trees of our present forests; but as they belonged to families which now include only herbaceous forms, this flora has a very peculiar and unfamiliar aspect. The deciduous trees and Conifers of which our existing forests consist were wanting; but the Club-mosses, Ferns, and Horsetails which now grow as lowly herbs in the shadow of the woods, then shot up into trees, and waved their foliage in the air. The soil was moist and marshy, and here and there covered with water, upon which the *Annularia* and *Sphenophylla* displayed their delicate leaf-whorls; whilst the Stigmarians forms of the *Sigillaria* with their long roots formed great floating nets, on which Calamites and Ferns gradually collected, and enabled the *Sigillaria* also to shoot up into great stems.

This vegetation was luxuriant but very uniform; it was composed of but few forms of plants, and was destitute of the ornament of flowers. There is a monotony about this picture of the Coal period. Not only were flowering plants almost entirely absent, but there were none of the higher animals: no birds rested on the branches of the trees; and no mammal enlivened the depths of the forests. The air was sultry and full of vapour, the soil hot and steaming; and the stillness was profound, broken only by the plashing of the rain, or the whistling of the wind as it passed by the leaves of the trees! The earth was probably covered by a dense envelope of clouds; for from the high temperature of the soil there must have been much more water in the air than at present; and in consequence of this, the terrestrial climate did not depend only on the sun, but was much influenced by the high temperature of the globe. To this hypothesis we are also led by the fact that at that time the same forms of plants existed even in the extreme north.

Instead of encouraging the recently popular conjecture of an excessive tilt of the earth's axis to account for changes of climate so striking, we are glad to find Professor Heer, who was the first to call attention to the occurrence of a sub-tropical flora within the North Polar circle, giving the weight of his high authority against an hypothesis which no astronomer of mark has ever countenanced, which involves an unlimited tampering with established cosmical laws, and which no one has attempted to bring into correlation with the phenomena of the Antarctic hemisphere. All the facts go to satisfy him that the change has taken place within the mass rather than in the oscillation of the earth. The preponderant heat of the earth at that time was not that of the sun. A high temperature was given forth—at all events, locally—from the globe itself. Thus the Polar zone enjoyed a far greater degree of heat than at present. The presence of the same species under latitudes from 40° to 76° N. seems to indicate a great uniformity in the surface temperature of the globe, a phenomenon which has been further illustrated by the discovery in the course of the late Polar expedition of deposits of true coal as far North as 82°. On the other hand, the general character of the coal flora reveals a marshy soil and an atmosphere charged with vapour, just as it is now only on the moist tropical shores that we meet with vegetable forms at all approaching it in kind.

The change to the Keuper period, after the interval of the great saliferous formation of Switzerland, is not less strikingly illustrated in the next ideal plate. The most abundant and important plants are the gigantic horsetails and species of *Pterophyllum* common to the German Keuper country. Of this genus were the predominant trees of the Swiss Keuper forest, the Zamians, which have at present no representatives in Europe, but have approximate relations in the Cycadaceous genera *Zamia* and *Dion* of South Africa. The stem of these trees is at first spherical, but afterwards cylindrical, having an apex of large pinnate leaves, resembling the palm in aspect. Later on all these deposits are seen to have been covered by the sea; extensive coral reefs, now forming the lofty Jura range, bearing witness to the teeming polype-life which, entombed in those rocky masses, has given its name to the Jurassic series. A zone of warm water must have existed in this latitude, as the coral-forming polypes require a temperature not lower than that of the South Sea Islands of our day. Professor Heer's sagacity and industry have enabled him to work out a very suggestive little map indicating the probable distribution of the coral reefs in a part of the Swiss Jurassic sea from the existing site of St. Ursanne to Basle and Soleure eastwards. Each lagoon and atoll is capable of being very fairly defined by the aid of the marine fauna imbedded in the coral reef masses, the richness and beauty of which in their living state are graphically represented in the accompanying engraving. By the Cretaceous period this district had become dry land. No true chalk is found in Switzerland, the period being represented by occasional marls and limestones, with bands of gault and green-sand. The map shows the cretaceous sea extending transversely across Europe in a narrow channel from Lyons to Vienna. An exhaustive and highly valuable table of the Cretaceous cephalopods, together with the localities which yield them, gives us important information as to the distribution of the marine fauna of the period. A phenomenon for which it is at present beyond our power to account is the evidence of an abundant supply of iron proceeding from the interior of the earth and extending over a great part of Europe, leaving its traces in the form of green grains or silicate of protoxide of iron, the oxidation of which causes the dark colour of the gault.

As early as the Jurassic period mammals had made their appearance in Switzerland. Remains of small animals of the marsupial class are met with in plenty. Insects swarm in the limestones of Solenhofen, and thence came the most ancient bird of the primeval world, the renowned *Archæopteryx macrura* of Owen. Gigantic dragon-flies swept through the air. Large grasshoppers leaped about the ground. White ants built up their earthy dwellings, and there were in plenty capricorn beetles, Buprestidae, water scorpions, long-legged spiders, and Myriopoda.

The Jurassic islands were as like as possible to those of the Pacific.

The Miocene period was marked by an immense depression of this region, the sandstones, marls, conglomerates, and limestones, known as Molasse—of which are built the Speer (6,021 feet above the sea), and the Righi (5,541 feet)—having been deposited during this epoch. Twice during the Miocene age the sea covered the Molassic district. Where rivers flowed into it, deltas were formed, and, after the sea retreated, deep basins remained along the Alps, their salt water being gradually rendered fresh by the influx of streams. Hence the alternation of marine and freshwater deposits. At this time a long narrow strait stretched across Southern Europe. The Mediterranean covered Egypt, and was united to the Indian Ocean, and probably to the Aralo-Pontic sea which severed Europe from Asia, of which the Caspian and Aral Seas are the present remains. Land in all probability extended from Great Britain to America. Denmark, Holland, and the north-east of Belgium were under water, and the sea extended as far as Cologne. Brittany, on the other hand, was probably united with England. A rich vegetation clothed the Miocene continent and islands, Switzerland taking the lead of all countries in the abundance of Miocene plants which have a close analogy with the flora of the present day. Professor Heer's enumeration and classification of these plants opens a wide field of study for the botanist. Of all existing types, they are found to coincide most nearly with those of America, Europe coming in the second rank, Asia in the third, Africa in the fourth, and Australia in the fifth. Swiss Miocene species are also represented in the Sunda Islands, in the torrid zone of Asia, and in tropical America. Amongst other trees now scarcely recognizable in Europe, the giant Sequoia, now characteristic of California, towered over the lesser growths of Miocene Switzerland. The climate throughout this period, as Professor Heer becomes forcibly convinced by personal comparison of the living flora of the one with the fossil vegetation of the other, was closely identical with that of Madeira.

Something like a date for the upheaval of the Miocene strata is found in the superposition of the lignite beds upon the deposits of Eocene, the phenomena yielding evidence that this transformation of inorganic and organic nature took place in a comparatively short time. Without declaring himself a partisan of the convulsionist or catastrophic school in geology, Professor Heer is convinced that the abrupt changes to which the configuration of his native country bears testimony were by no means so gradual that man, if living, would have been insensible to what was going on under and around him. Let it be borne in mind how colossal were the dislocations, piled rock-masses several thousand feet in height being tilted over, and deep fissures torn in entire mountains. It is highly improbable that the rocky wall of the Glärnisch, six thousand feet in height, could have slid quite imperceptibly over the newer nummulitic deposits which underlie it; or that the tearing away of the Galanda from the chain of the Kurfürsten-Alvier, with which it makes so remarkable a semicircle round the Sernifite mountains of Glaris, could have taken place silently. A partial upheaval of the Alps took place at the close of this Eocene period; but it was in the Pliocene time that the grand elevation seems to have occurred which stamped upon the face of the country its present prominent and characteristic features. The excellent geological map prefixed to the book makes this configuration as clear to the eye as is compatible with its limited scale and minute delineations. If it has any fault, this lies in attempting to crowd in too many details, and to indicate too many shades or modifications of strata or glacial distribution. It forms, nevertheless, an invaluable companion or interpreter to what deserves to be welcomed as an able and exhaustive survey of the physical history, primeval and recent, of this most interesting of regions.

MANSFIELD ON AERIAL NAVIGATION.*

THERE is a tide in the thoughts, as well as in the affairs, of men which leads them, at intervals of time more or less regular, to renew discussion upon the same themes. Russian aggrandizement, the Gulf Stream, Spiritualism, and the authenticity of Homer all have their dead times, but never fail after an interval to be renewed in activity, like the sun-spots with their decennial period, or the growlings of Etna. Few of these temporary stars, however, have a more rapid cycle, or a more vivid incandescence when at their maximum, than the subject of aerial navigation. Is it possible for a man to fly? Can he hope to propel and to direct a balloon? Or is it possible to supply mechanical power in a form so light as to effect these ends? These are questions which are for ever cropping up, and to which no answer has hitherto been made in any manner. Of late the enormous utility of balloons during the siege of Paris, and their evident application to strategic purposes, have led to a renewal of the discussion, and to experiments about the management of balloons, on both sides of the Channel. At no time could a volume professing to treat the subject in a scientific manner be hailed with greater satisfaction than the present. The history of attempts at aerial navigation is a record of a series of failures resulting from the wildest and most unscientific schemes. Hence the art (*in posse*) has by many been classed among the "quack sciences,"

whose object is to extort money, and it is placed by them in the same category as Spiritualism, Alchemy, and Astrology; while the flights of Deucalion are ranked with those of Mr. D. D. Home and Mrs. Guppy. But it is not so with scientific men, who would be the last to admit that the failures of charlatans stand as evidence against the possibility of navigating the air. The dictum of scientific men is that in almost every case we might have foretold that the attempts hitherto made would prove failures; and that the experimental data which would prove the possibility or the impossibility of aerial locomotion are almost entirely wanting.

It is in this spirit that the book before us is written. The author, who was the friend and companion of Charles Kingsley (see *Life of Charles Kingsley*, vol. i. p. 441), and was not unknown in the scientific world, died twenty years ago, and wrote the book five years before his death. It is now edited by his brother in a form which, though not quite complete, yet serves to show us the ideas of the author. The book is written with a buoyant enthusiasm which leads the reader at times to imagine himself flying over the heads of hostile tribes bent upon intra-continental discovery; at others to believe that he is reading one of the romances of Jules Verne, except that there is an accuracy of statement and a total absence of the superficial knowledge which characterize that writer's works. The enthusiasm we speak of detracts in no way from the merits of the work, and certainly renders it more readable.

The first half of the volume is taken up with a history of past attempts and schemes, and with conclusions from past experience as to the causes of failure and the conditions of success. The second part contains the author's hints as to the solution of the problem. He touches but slightly upon the question of mechanical flight; and this obviously for the reason that he does not grasp its true principles. He conceives that the work done in a given time by a bird is equal to the weight of the bird multiplied by the distance through which gravity would cause it to descend freely in that interval of time. Thus he conceives that a man would have to do the work of raising his own weight and that of his wings, &c. sixteen feet every second. He takes no account of the kite-like action of the surface exposed by the bird's wings and body, which is at the foundation of the true theory of flight. This is hardly cause for surprise when we recollect that it is only in the last few years that the flight of birds has ceased to be considered a sort of supernatural manifestation. The chief difficulty was always to explain how a bird soars. But the difficulty is now completely explained. In the case of the condor which is at a great height, and is at the same time moving in an apparently horizontal direction, it is of course most probable that it is gradually descending. But in the case of birds near the earth's surface it is always found that there are upward currents of air to support the bird, when it does not move its wings. The raven circles round and round so as to remain under the influence of the upward current of air, and this is why it is never obliged to flap its wings. The gull following a ship gets into the upward current in the wake of the mainsail. The albatross on a stormy day skims along the contour of the waves' crests, with its wings outspread, to catch the upward current from the edge of the wave. All these facts were unknown to Mr. Mansfield, and this prevents him from gaining the utmost advantage from the form of machine which he ultimately adopts.

Our author further admits, with justice, the impossibility of propelling or steering a common balloon, on account of the resistance offered by the air to the movement of so immense a surface. Although it be true that Messrs. John Elder and Co. devised the idea of a circular ship, which has been put into execution in the Russian *Popofka*, yet no one would dream of building a ship of that shape where speed was required. So it is with the navigation of the air. What we want is a long, cigar-shaped gas-vessel which can be propelled in still air along the line of its axis, thus experiencing the least possible resistance. This is the general idea of Mr. Mansfield's air-craft, into the details of which he enters with remarkable minuteness; and he devotes fourteen chapters to showing how the difficulties of the plan may be overcome. The general idea has been previously advocated by Sir George Cayley and others, but no one has gone so far as Mr. Mansfield to show how it may be put into execution. His air-craft consists of a cigar-shaped gas-vessel, beneath which is suspended a boat carrying the men, cargo, machinery, and propellers. If such a craft could be propelled with a velocity of five miles an hour in still air, it would be a matter of interest to the civilized world; with a velocity of twenty miles an hour it would be of vast use; and at fifty miles an hour it could make way in any direction during a high gale, and hold its own against a severe tempest.

To carry out this idea, a gas-proof envelope must in the first place be constructed of the required form, and it may be very light, for this envelope is to be protected. The great beauty of Mr. Mansfield's scheme lies in the idea of enclosing this gas-envelope in a stiff outer case, made of a bamboo framework covered with oiled silk or linen. Now, since the inner envelope has a tendency to rise to the top of the outer case, it must be retained in position by a sheet of silk extending all the length of the interior of the stiff case, attached to its sides along a central horizontal section, so as to form a vault within, against which the delicate gas-envelope may safely rest. The air which lies between the gas-envelope and the outer case acts as a cushion to prevent injury being done to the gas-vessel by its momentum, when the speed of the machine is suddenly altered.

In the case of a solitary flyer, he is suspended by converging

* *Aerial Navigation*. By the late Charles Blachford Mansfield, M.A. Edited by his Brother, Robert Blachford Mansfield, B.A. With a Preface by J. M. Ludlow. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

cords from hoops passing over the stiff case at different parts of its length. He may exert muscular force either by running along the ground (the gas-vessel being used simply to diminish his weight), or by working a pair of wings. In the former case Mr. Mansfield shows that the best experimental data at command lead to the conclusion that a man could thus travel at the rate of twenty miles an hour in still air. When the machine is at rest, of course the man must be suspended below the centre of the gas-vessel. But when he is advancing, this suspension would tend to tilt the bows of the vessel upwards. For this reason he must either have the power of altering his position along the axis of the gas-vessel, or of adjusting a weight on cords running in pulleys along the whole length of the vessel. In the case of large and heavy machinery the tilting difficulty is ingeniously got over by suspending the boat with parallel cords from the vessel above.

The plan of construction of the gas-vessel, including the gas-envelope and the stiff outer case, is the most important and original part of the book; and the suggestions as to the experiments and methods which may render its construction most serviceable are of considerable value. The qualities of a large number of substances are examined as to weight, strength, texture, cost, and imperviousness to gas. Among these are vulcanized caoutchouc, metal sheets, pasteboard, gold-beater's skin, varnished silk, and oiled linen. But still a vast number of experiments are required, and hints are given as to their execution. The next question relates to the form of the gas-vessel which shall experience the least resistance from the air. No certain answer can be given to this, and it is suggested as being of the utmost importance that an extensive series of experiments should be made upon bodies of different shapes and dimensions, particular care being used to discover how much the length can be increased without adding to the resistance.

But the principles proposed to stiffen the outer case are the most ingenious, and form the chapter which is really a valuable contribution to aeronautics. At p. 238 we find the following passage:—"Reader, did you ever see a good archer's bow strung? If so, did you ever try to bend it back, or to straighten it? If so, I do not think you succeeded. . . . It is this property of the bow which I propose to use for the stiffening of the gas-vessel." From this starting-point our author proceeds, in a very popular style, but with perfect mechanical accuracy, to determine the best construction for the stiff outer case. A set of bamboos (connected in lengths, if necessary) pass from end to end. At each extremity they are joined together; and at intermediate parts they are kept distended by a series of bamboo hoops within the structure, at regular intervals along the length, and whose dimensions determine the *lines* of the vessel. Finally, the whole system is braced by diagonal ties, joining together the points where the longitudinal bamboos and the hoops intersect. For these ties Mr. Mansfield proposes to use "zinc-iron wire for cheap rough-working vessels, steel gilt for the dandy craft that will carry her Majesty's mails to all the islands of the world." The lightness of bamboo is quite astonishing; a piece whose length was 20 ft., and tapering from 0.1 ft. to 0.5 inch, weighed only 1 lb. 10 ozs. avoirdupois. "Multifarious as are the uses to which this magnificent product is put in China, they have not, probably, yet found its true destiny. The hollow cane is a vast natural quill, of which flight is, I think, quite evidently the true and appointed purpose" (p. 254). We have no doubt that the vessel thus devised by Mr. Mansfield is capable (after a number of careful experiments have been made) of performing the duties for which he destined it better than any form which has ever been proposed. Speaking of the weight of the structure, he says:—"I must remind the reader . . . that iron ships are heavy structures, and that nevertheless they float" (p. 272). Concerning this matter he, in common with nearly all writers on the subject, falls into a grievous error. He argues that the weight of the gas-vessel does not increase in the same proportion as the lifting power of the gas; for the former varies as the square of the linear dimensions, the latter as the cube. But he forgets that after a certain limit is reached the thickness of the material must be increased to give strength to the larger structures. In spite, however, of this error, there is no doubt that by increasing the dimensions of our gas-vessel we may add to our machinery, so as to do more work than is required to overcome the increased resistance.

As to the gas to be employed, Mr. Mansfield of course discusses hydrogen and heated air, and finally advocates the former. But he throws out an ingenious suggestion as to the employment of ammonia. The specific gravity of this gas is 6-10ths of that of air, and the advantage attributed to it is that it can be rendered very portable in either of two ways. First, it can be liquefied, at ordinary temperatures, with a pressure of $6\frac{1}{2}$ atmospheres. Secondly, it may be absorbed by water in the proportion of 500 parts to 1 of water, and can be restored to the gaseous state by the simple application of heat. It must be remembered that the gas is to be retained in the envelope for weeks or months, and never wasted as in common balloons.

We have employed the numerical data supplied by Mr. Mansfield, to estimate the weight of an engine and the work it must do. The result of this rough estimate is, that a vessel 100 feet long, and having a maximum sectional diameter of 17 feet, would support its own weight, and that of the attached boat or car, and of a man, leaving 600 lbs. for the weight of the engine, &c., the power of which must be $\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. for the craft to travel at the rate of ten miles an hour. But we put no confidence in these numbers. The resistances are taken from experiments by Rouse, quoted by

Smeaton a century ago. The resistances are about one-sixth part of those found lately in the accurate experiments of Mr. James Fairweather (Proc. R.S.E., 1873-4).

When we come to the question of propulsion and power, we find only vague suggestions, unworthy of the author, except where a hint is here and there thrown out for experiments. We prefer to pass over these chapters (of which that on Power is quite fragmentary), believing that, if the author were alive, he would have altered and added to them very considerably. The great merit of the work is that it advocates a complete series of experimental researches on a variety of subjects too extensive for a single individual, but worthy of the attention of a Government or a wealthy association. The mathematical merits of the work are small, and the mathematician will be surprised to hear, among other things, that an ellipsoid has no circular sections (p. 214, footnote). But the following is a remarkable passage (if we excuse some verbal inaccuracies which would justly shock Professor P. G. Tait), considering that it was penned twenty-five years ago:—

The generation of Power is as impossible as the creation of Matter, is the same impossibility. Equally impossible is its extinction. Motion, however, may disappear. It may become latent, either by being converted into some other phase of force, as when we grind lightning out of whirling glass, or being stored up in a quiescent state for a time, as when we compress a spring. In either case we are but saving the force, which the endless bounty of the Great Engineer supplies to us, and disposing of it for a season as to us, or to Him, seems good. And the very force which we apply, whether of our steam-engine, or of our arms, whence comes it? from the fire or the flesh, not as from its fount or primordial source, but as from the terminal spout from which it flowed at last. It was stored up in the coal, and in the brain, as the result of the decomposing energies of ancient plant life and of the upbuilding labours of the animal life of yesterday; each of these forces being but the ephemeral stages of the everlasting motion.—P. 465.

COLLECTIONS OF A LONDON CITIZEN.*

MR. GAIRDNER is here fittingly at work on his own period, and he is doubtless glad to find any fresh materials for his own period. We have here a contemporary chronicle of a good many years in the fifteenth century, part of which at least was the composition of one who was able among his notes of time to reckon by the year when he was himself Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Gairdner calls it the Chronicle of William Gregory; at least he began to call it so, and put that name in the title-page; but he seems afterwards to have changed his mind, and that not without reason. It is evident that Gregory, if he did not compose, at least copied, part of the chronicle, as it contains this reference to his own mayoralty in the first person. But he could not have composed the whole of it, because it goes on after his own death; and as it is all in one handwriting, the passage about the mayoralty, like the rest, must have been copied by some one else, and cannot be in Gregory's own hand. The chances seem to be that Gregory, as usual, copied and continued somebody else's chronicle, and then that somebody else copied and continued his. At all events, we have here a chronicle reaching from 1189 to 1469, of which the early part is of course a mere compilation, while, from a point near the beginning of the fifteenth century, it begins to be a contemporary authority. It is a chronicle of London, written primarily from the point of view of a citizen of London, but which takes in national as well as local affairs. From 1442 to 1455 Mr. Gairdner looks on the chronicle as being Gregory's own work. In the earlier part of the fifteenth century there are many documents very badly copied, and throughout there are mistakes here and there; but it is, on the whole, a very valuable addition to our knowledge of a dark time. It gives us many new particulars as to the Wars of the Roses, and we may mention one point on a subject which we once examined at some length. Gregory gives no countenance to the legendary belief that Margaret of Anjou was present at the battle of Wakefield.

The three pieces which Mr. Gairdner here prints are not the whole contents of the manuscript volume, which must have been a kind of commonplace book of a literary citizen who copied whatever he wished to preserve. The pieces are in number fourteen, and most of them are to be found elsewhere. Mr. Gairdner has printed three only. John Page's poem on the siege of Rouen has been printed before, but never in a perfect shape. Lydgate's verses on the Kings of England have been printed only in a rare tract of Wynkyn de Worde. The Chronicle is quite new. Mr. Gairdner also gives some extracts from another piece, containing a list of the churches and monasteries in the city of London. Other such lists are extant; but this seems to be a specially curious one, which we could have been well pleased to have at full length. It contains some very curious information about the charitable foundations of London, as they stood in the fifteenth century, on which Mr. Gairdner thus comments:—

Some of the facts contained in these extracts seem to be quite unknown; and they go far to correct certain popular misapprehensions touching the useless unpractical character of monastic institutions before the Reformation swept them all away. The charities of the middle ages were perhaps not more redundant or more misapplied than those of our own day, and many of them were eminently beneficial. There were hospitals for the sick and infirm, lying-in hospitals, asylums for the aged, the impotent, and the insane. Bedlam existed then, and was devoted to the same purposes as at present. And, whatever may have been the system of treatment adopted for the patients, it appears that some were cured; and the charity of the age extended a large indulgence to all who were so afflicted.

* *The Historical Collections of a Citizen of London in the Fifteenth Century.* Edited by James Gairdner. Printed for the Camden Society. 1877.

Then we have William Gregory's will, full, as usual, of a vast number of small bequests, personal and charitable. This Mr. Gairdner puts in the Preface, as of course it is no part of the manuscript volume from which he prints. First in the body of the book comes John Page's rhyming account of the siege of Rouen, written, as Mr. Gairdner truly says, with great vigour. One or two passages are of some importance. It is certainly singular to find the men of Rouen in the fifteenth century appealing to their community of Norman blood with many in the English army. The passage stands thus:—

A knyght thenn askyd what they wolde.
They sayde for sothe and thus they tolde.
"Speke with a knyght of ouer lynage
"Or with sum lorde of Baronaige."
He sayd, "For sothe I am a knyght;"
And they hym askyd what he hyght.
He sayde "My name ys Umfrevelye."
They thankyd God and sayde þat whyle,
"Of Normandy the olde blode
"Shalle helpe that we may have an ende goode
"By-twixte us and thys worthy kyngne."

The English knight takes no notice of this appeal, which we may suspect that the Normans of Henry the Fifth's time had only thought of for the nonce. But he puts forth another doctrine of some importance in itself and witnessing to the long-abiding imperial tradition of England:—

And he ys kyng excellent,
And unto non othyr obedyent,
That levythe here in erthe be ryght,
But only unto God almyght,
With-yn hys owne Emperoure,
And also kyng and conqueroure.

Henry owed no obedience to Siegmund, but they were good friends all the same. One of the earlier writers records the visit of the King of the Romans to England, where, we are sorry to say, he is described as "Emperowre of Almayne." Gregory himself was more accurate, and in 1437 records the death of the "Emperowre of Rome" and the solemn rites which followed in St. Paul's church. The details of the rhyming narrative are very well worth studying, and the description of the sad estate of the people in the besieged city is most graphic, and ends with a most singular comparison:—

Moche of the folke that were thereyn,
They were but bonys and bare skyn,
With holow yeen and vysage sharpe,
Unneth they myght brethe or carpe;
With wan color as the lede,
Unlyke to lyvys men but unto dede.
Patrons they were quente,
A Colayne kyngge aftry to paynte.

The "Colayne kyngge" suggests some of the other ways in which foreign countries are described both by our rhymers and by our prose writers. "Burgundy" takes every shape from "Burgon" upwards. "French" appears most commonly in the poem in the odd form of "Fraynsche." This form illustrates the passion of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for wasting the greatest possible number of letters; but it is odd that, if French was to be made into two syllables, the poet did not light on some of the older and more etymological forms, as "Frencisc," or the like. In a search after the description of foreign potentates, we naturally turn to the battles of Cressy and Poitiers in the chronicle to see what is the description of the two mysterious princes who are sure to figure there. At Cressy we are cheered by finding a "King of Berne," and that with nothing to show whether he could see or not. And the "King of Berne" is fitly matched by a "Duke of Ostreich" in an earlier entry. But we are not at all clear that in the account of Poitiers—"Peyters," as it stands there—we should have recognized Walter of Brienne in "the Duke of Docens." This is one of a great number of cases in which the French *de* has got to form part of the word itself, and is sometimes accompanied by the English genitive form, somewhat after the fashion of "Cherubims" and "the Alcoran." The "Dolfyn of Venys" seems a strange description for the eldest son of the French King, but a moment's thought shows that it is minutely accurate. "Venys" has nothing to do with the island city; it is simply a queer spelling of "Viennois," and the Dolphin was in strictness Dolphin of Viennois the district, not of Vienne the city. The Chronicle is rather rich in entries of executions of various kinds. Sir John Oldcastle has more than one entry, and very little sympathy is shown for him, or for "certayne personys, called Lollers," "the whyche Lollers hadde caste to have made a mommyng at Eltham, and undyr coloure of the mommyng to have dystryte the kyng and Hooly Chyrche." But one of the most curious entries is in 1431, where, among less famous sufferers nearer home, we find coming in casually a victim whom we should hardly have looked for in such company:—

Ande that yere there was on namyd hym selfe Jacke Sharpe that wolde have made a rysynge in the cytte of London, for he wolde have take owte the temperaltes of Hooly Chyrche; but the xix day of May he was take at Oxforde and v moo of secte, and whythe yn fewe dayes he was drawyd, hangyd, and quarteryd, and hys hede sete on London Brygge, and hys quarters i-sent to dyvers townys of Ingelonde, as to Oxforde, Abyngdon, and to moo othyr. And sum of his felows were takyn at Covyntr, and there they were drawe, hangyd, and quarteryd; and a woman was be-beddyd at the galous. Ande the xxiiij day of May the Pusylle was brent at Kone, and that was a pon Corpus Crysty evyn. Ande the xxiiij day of July there was one Russelle i-drawe, hangyd, and quarteryd, and hys hede was sette on Londyn Brygge, and hys quarters in dyvers places in London; for he wolde have made newe lordys, dukys, crys, and baronys, aftry his entente & hys oppynyon, &c.

Mr. Gairdner goes very carefully through the historical part of the Chronicle as it bears on the Wars of the Roses. We wish to point out one or two passages of constitutional importance. In the entry of the coronation of Henry the Sixth, in 1429, the popular election of the King comes out very strongly:—

Thenne the Arche-byschoppe of Cantyrbury made a proclamacyon at the iiij quarters of schaffolde, sayynge in thys wyse: "Syrys, here comythe Harry, Kyng Harry the v ys some, humylyche to God and Hooly Chyrche, askynge the crowne of thy[s] realme by ryght and dyscent of herytage. Yf ye holde you welle pleyd with alle and wylle be pleyd with hym, say you now, ye! and holde uppe youre hondys." And theinne alle the pepyle cryde with oo voyce, "Ye! Ye!"

And in 1461 the more irregular election of Edward the Fourth is thus entered:—

Alle soo the xxvj day of Februer nexte folowyng Edwarde Erle of Marche com to London owte of Walys and the Erle of Warwycke with hym, and xl M men with hem both, and they enteryd unto the cytte of London, and there he toke upon hym the crowne of Ingland by the avyse of the lordys spyrytual and temporalle, and by the eluxyon of the comyns. And so he began hys rayne the iiij day of Marche, in the yere of oure Lorde God M cccc lxj, the Sondy letter D as for that yere.

Between the poem on the siege of Rouen and the Chronicle come Lydgate's verses of the Kings of England. With a fitting regard to one of the corporal works of mercy which some historians seem to despise, he entitles the verses "Crönycles of alle Kyngys of Englonde aftry the Conqueste, as of hyr namys ande where that they bene i-byryede." Two of his entries are curious. Richard,

Fryste of that name, stronge, hardy, and notable,
Was crownyd kyngge, callyd Cuer de Lyon,
With Saresenys heddis i-servyd at his tabyle.

Of Edward the First we read:—

The fryste Edwarde with the shankys longe
Was aftry crownyd, that was soo goode a knyght,
Wanne Scotlonde mawgre the Scottys stronge,
And alle Walys in the dyspyte of ther myghte,
Duryng his lyfe mentaynyd tought and ryght.
xxxv yere he was here kyngge
And lythe at Westmyner, thys noo lesynge.

THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE GREAT WEST.*

THE title of Colonel Dodge's valuable book does him some little injustice, for the subject is very much wider than is implied by *The Hunting Grounds of the Great West*. No doubt he tells us a great deal about sport, and gives the most exhaustive practical account of the beasts of the prairies and fowls of the air that we have ever met with. But he also supplies a complete and comprehensive sketch of the physical configuration of the United States territories from the Mississippi Valley westward to the great mountain ranges, and from the Canadian line on the north to the Mexican frontier to the southward. He gives a graphic description of the changes they have gradually undergone since the immigration of the Mormons, the discoveries of the mineral treasures, and the rush of Western backwoodsmen into the finest farming country in the world. Although his work is voluminous, and in parts somewhat prolix, Colonel Dodge has little of the national failing of egotism, and only adverts incidentally to his own campaigning experiences. But his military duties have lain almost entirely among those savage prairie tribes who are gradually being forced into the Indian reservations; and his personal knowledge of the habits of the Red Man is consequently very extensive. Accordingly a great part of his book is devoted to "the noble savage," of whom, we may remark in passing, he entertains the meanest opinion. But we doubt whether any man, since the days of Catlin, has written on the subject with better information or authority; while the vivacity and evident fidelity of many of his picturesque descriptions remind us greatly of the inimitable Ruxton, and we can scarcely give them higher commendation.

The grand object of chase on the prairies was the buffalo, or, more strictly speaking, the bison. What the camel is to the Arab, what the seal is to the Esquimaux, the buffalo was to the Indian. It was on dried buffalo meat that he depended for food when he hibernated in his village through the long months of the winter. It was the herds of the buffalo that he followed for sport, and as a training for going with the braves on the warpath. It was in robes of buffalo skins that he wrapped himself at night; he wore them as a protection against the icy prairie winds; and it was the superfluity of his buffalo hunts that he bartered to the traders and encroaching settlers, against arms and ammunition and the deadly fire-water. But the profits of that short-lived commerce have conduced to its extinction. From time immemorial the Indian had hunted among the swarms of buffalo with a certain judgment and discretion. He seldom slew many more of the animals than served the necessities of his tribe; and Colonel Dodge informs us that great droves would go on feeding in the vicinity of an Indian encampment, while they stampeded at once from a visit of the white hunters. For the incursions of the whites changed all that. The Indians found a ready market with the new comers for hides that would formerly have spoiled on their hands. The traders supplied them with the rifles and powder that were many times more fatal than their bows and arrows. Above all, as the railways were opened and the regular garrisons pushed

* *The Hunting Grounds of the Great West*. By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieutenant-Colonel of the United States Army. With an Introduction by William Blackmore. Chatto & Windus. 1876.

forward, as the Indian country was picketed with fortified posts, and comparative security invited the invasion of reckless frontiersmen, the American pot-hunters took the chase into their own hands. Washington Irving, and Ruxton, and many other writers less fanciful than Cooper have described the exciting days when mountain men of the Kit Carson breed risked their scalps in their annual hunts among the Indians. But then those trappers and hunters generally clung to cover; setting their traps for beaver or the smaller fur-bearing animals along the banks of some sequestered stream, or in the recesses of some impenetrable patch of timber. When the presence of flying parties of troops and sturdy bands of settlers from the more easterly States had forced forward an advancing base of operations, then white hunters began systematically to organize themselves and to kill the buffalo for New England dealers, who had taken them into their pay. They would set out in parties of four or more. Their leader or chief acted as hunter, and it was his business to shoot the buffalo. Two of his comrades were charged with the unpleasant duty of skinning; while the fourth man saw to the camp and the cookery, and looked after the curing of the hides. Every now and then the Indian warriors would make a terrible example of these intruders on their hereditary hunting grounds; but the work of destruction went on apace notwithstanding. And the worst of it was that the habits of the buffaloes gave them over to the slaughterers as almost helpless victims. Nothing can be more terrible than a buffalo stampede; when the herd has been panic-stricken it holds straight forward, flings itself headlong down precipices into the beds of cañons, charges blindly into trains in motion, and of course crushes any travelling party which may unhappily find itself in its course. Colonel Dodge gives a most thrilling description of more than one terrible buffalo rush, when it was only by firing upon the herd and splitting it that he survived to publish his present volume. But the characteristic of the animals is their impassive stupidity. Approach them with a due knowledge of their temper, and you may usually butcher as many as you please. The consequence is that the slaughter of them has been almost incredible, and the inevitable waste has been enormous, even regarding them as a legitimate article of commerce. Vast numbers go away wounded to perish miserably. A great proportion of the hides have been spoiled by unskilful curing, or by rain coming on of a sudden when they have been pegged out round the camp for drying. Colonel Dodge himself suggested a check to this destruction in the shape of a heavy tax to be imposed on all skins delivered in civilized markets. But the authorities—shortsightedly as it seems to us—declined to adopt his idea, and the result is that, according to an estimate which apparently must be roughly truthful, nearly four and a half millions of buffaloes have been killed in the course of three years. In fact, as Colonel Dodge observes repeatedly, we may regard the buffalo as exterminated to all intents and purposes. A glance at the interesting map he has prepared shows how sadly its former ranges have dwindled; and its extermination has exercised a proportionate effect on the habits and prospects of the Indians who lived by it. The chief purpose of their life is gone with their main means of subsistence. Naturally they feel resentfully towards the whites, who have done them such irretrievable injury, and have deprived them of their greatest enjoyment. No longer able to live by the chase, they are cramped in reservations which oppress them with a sense of intolerable confinement; and they have become dependent on treaties which have been systematically violated, so that they see themselves continually reduced to straits which give them every excuse for raiding and foraging. These raids their white neighbours repel and revenge, and so the rapid disappearance of the Indians follows as the result of the extermination of the buffalo.

Colonel Dodge gives full weight to the griefs and wrongs of the Red Men; but at the same time he evidently regards them as a vanishing product of barbarism the loss of which there is no great reason to regret. And, whatever may be said on one side or the other, we can easily understand that "the Western man who has lost his horse, had his house burned, and his wife violated or murdered, finds a whole life of hatred and revenge too little to devote to his side of the question." Colonel Dodge goes on to say, "The conception of Indian character is almost impossible to a man who has passed the greater part of his life surrounded by the influences of a cultivated, refined, and moral society. . . . The truth is simply too shocking, and the revolted mind takes refuge in unbelief as the less painful horn of the dilemma." And his descriptions of the Indian's training, habits, and form of belief is simply an expansion and illustration of this text. The only law in which the boy is brought up is the customs of the tribe; and these inculcate no moral obligations whatever, nor is it on any grounds of morality that any restraints are imposed on the passions. The youth's education is all directed to making him an accomplished thief, and a warrior according to Indian notions. The models who are set before him for imitation are braves famous for their ferocity, and for the number of scalps they have stripped from men, women, and children. According to Colonel Dodge, the check imposed by a belief in a future state of happiness, to be attained by the practice of virtues and the avoidance of certain vices and crimes, is altogether wanting. For every Indian goes to the happy hunting-grounds if he can only carry his scalp along with him. Should he unhappily be scalped, he is doomed to a dismal Hades, and so the apprehension of being deprived of his invaluable appendage exercises a marked influence in his fashion of fighting. That he should fight at all, under the circumstances, says much for the natural

courage which Colonel Dodge does not deny him; the Prophet of Islam established a much more serviceable article of faith, for the creed of a warlike people, when he taught that believers slain in battle passed into paradise and the arms of the houris. But hence it is that the Indian will never hazard himself in open combat when he can attain his purpose by stealth and treachery. Hence the elaborations of diabolical cunning which he practises when he goes on the war-path. Hence, as Colonel Dodge admits, the display of real and generous chivalry when he risks his life and his future felicity to rescue the scalp of a comrade at any sacrifice. And on one point the superstitions of the Indians have told fatally against them in the border warfare. All their habits could seem to recommend to them night surprises as most congenial to their cat-like instincts; while nothing would be more demoralizing than the dread of night surprises to regular soldiers when acting against them. But the Indian believes that the physical conditions in which he leaves this mortal existence will be perpetuated about him through all eternity. Should he be shot down in the dark he is condemned to an immortality of darkness; and, accordingly, when it is dark, he seldom or never attacks, and has a decided objection to making an onslaught by moonlight.

After studying the author's unflattering pictures, we should say that the vices of the Indians are very much those of inveterate habits and a degrading religion; and that the firm and compulsory training which Colonel Dodge would approve might still make tolerably satisfactory citizens of the pitiful remains of the tribes. They obviously have admirable qualities which might easily be cultivated to useful purpose, such as great powers of endurance and self-control, no ordinary courage, and a certain savage chivalry. That they can be taught to understand the force of moral obligation and the sanctity of the pledged word is shown by the just resentment they feel against the breach of the conventions which the State has concluded with them. Convince them that the conditions of their former savage existence have been revolutionized beyond all chance of reversal, treat them with equal firmness and justice, protect them in the meantime against their own failings by regulating the trade that demoralizes and is destroying them; and, judging from the past results in certain isolated instances, there is no reason to suppose that the task of civilizing them need be a failure. We have left ourselves no space to touch on a variety of very interesting subjects on which Colonel Dodge dilates at length in the course of his exhaustive work. Possibly it might have been retrenched with some advantage in the matter of sporting incidents, and the descriptions of social life among settlers, soldiers, and Indians in the debatable land. But, after all, the reader can skip over the parts that do not specially interest him, and, whatever his tastes may be, he will find in the book a most miscellaneous treasury of instruction and entertainment.

IHNE'S EARLY ROME.*

THE publication of this little volume marks a definite stage in the improvement of historical teaching in schools. The method of dealing with times for which we have no contemporary records has, it is superfluous to say, undergone a wonderful revolution during the present century; but not many years ago the most sanguine might fairly have doubted whether the results of recent critical research would ever in their own day filter down into schools or classes for young children. The teachers in such schools clung with obstinate tenacity to the old Mumpsimus, and the attempt to provide them with more wholesome food seemed but a thankless and unprofitable task. If they were compelled to give up Brute the Trojan and his successors in British story, they were at least resolved not to part with the Roman twins and their wolf-nurse, or with the toad, the fox, and the snake which were found on the altars raised by the Dorian invaders of the Peloponnese. To a certain extent there was something to be said in palliation or excuse of this passive resistance. The smaller Histories of Greece and Rome which until lately had virtual possession of the field appeared too early for a systematic examination of evidence, unless the work was to be undertaken by men thoroughly in earnest, and thoroughly determined not to offer stones as bread to the young folk for whom they were writing. Unfortunately the task fell to compilers for whom it was little more than a task; and, although some of these books were decided improvements on their predecessors, even the best were but poor guides through the mazes of non-contemporary traditions, and tedious withal when treating of times for which we have authentic records. The readers of these works would rise from their perusal with faint notions of the distinction between the one and the other, and probably with the conviction that the stories of Draco and Lycurgus, Codrus and Aristomenes, were in point of credibility much on a par with the traditions relating to Solon and Kleisthenes. Far from sifting the tales told of the Persian wars, the compiler was content to give the narrative of the battle of Marathon without any attempt to solve the puzzle of the delay before the fight and the raising of the white shield, and to relate the traditions of Thermopylae without pointing out the indications afforded by those traditions as to the real course of events. With the prehistoric Roman stories the case was still worse. Here and there some

* *Epochs of Ancient History.—Early Rome, from the Foundation of the City to its Destruction by the Gauls.* By W. Ihne, Ph.D. London: Longmans. 1876.

miracle might be rejected, or the existence of some palpable contradiction or absurdity might be admitted; but the reader was allowed to believe that we knew something about the acts and the character of each of the seven Kings, that the merits of one and the faults of another were matters fairly deserving of serious consideration, that the chronology of their reigns and their enterprises was substantially trustworthy; nay, that we have a tolerably accurate picture of the course of Roman constitutional history after the fall of the monarchy, may speak without misgivings about the real character of the second Decemvirate, and may accept the popular account given to us of Sp. Cassius, Sp. Maelius, and Appius Claudius.

In the general Histories of Dean Merivale and Mr. Cox all this is changed, and readers who cannot have access to more elaborate works may here determine for themselves what the evidence for each story really is. But the little volumes of the series of *Epochs of Ancient History* may be even more useful, as being less costly and dealing only with a definitely marked period. That of the Persian wars has been already treated by Mr. Cox, and the early annals of Rome are here dealt with by Dr. Ihne. It is of course true that Dr. Ihne has gone fully over the same ground in his larger History, and that the readers of that History would know pretty well the character and contents of the little volume before us; but it may safely be said that such a book could not be written except by one who had subjected the whole tradition to the most stringent scrutiny, and that, whether Dr. Ihne presents us with old matter in a different shape or repeats the words of his larger work, we have here precisely what is needed to enable the reader, if he pleases, to examine each question more fully for himself, while the appeal is made, not to his power of belief, but always to his capacity for weighing evidence. Nothing can be more healthy or invigorating than the exercise of the sense of historical truth; and for this exercise Dr. Ihne furnishes abundant opportunities. Whether the reading will in all parts be equally pleasant is another matter, but one of comparatively slight moment; but it is of infinitely more consequence to know that Appius Claudius was the victim of the slander and hatred of his fellow-patricians than to feed on exciting pictures of the agony of Virginia as he plunges the knife into his daughter's side. It is Dr. Ihne's duty in many such instances to point out that the popular story has no foundation at all, and sometimes that it is not only a fiction but was not the popular story at all.

This is indeed one of the most important lessons to be learnt from the examination of non-contemporary traditions, because not unfrequently it furnishes the key to some intricate political puzzle, and enables us to get at the real course of civil controversies which may otherwise be nearly or wholly unintelligible. Nothing can be better than the clearness with which in such cases Dr. Ihne convicts the traditional narrative of deliberate falsehood from its own testimony. In the story which Livy adopted, the second set of Decemvirs had set up a reign of terror. Patricians and plebeians acting in concert were wholly incapable of shaking off their hateful tyranny. The Senate was entreating them to resign; the army was in mutiny, and the people were furious. Still the Decemvirs clung to their office, despising alike both divine and human law, until Appius sealed their doom by seeking to seize the beautiful Virginia. With the tragedy in which her death ended the spell was broken. The plebeians seceded to the Sacred Hill, and threatened to leave Rome altogether; and then the Decemvirs, frightened at last into submission, yielded up their power, and the patricians restored the consular government, while Appius, reserved for condign punishment, put an end to his life in prison. The story stands self-convicted of glaring falsehood. Here are twelve men, supported simply by a hundred and twenty lictors, on the one side, and the whole body of the people, patricians and plebeians alike, with the whole armed force of the State, on the other. It is ludicrous to talk either of constraint or terror under such circumstances, and thus the fact comes out that the change during the second Decemvirate was not in the character of the magistrates, but in the designs of the patricians, who wished to suppress the tribuneship, and to widen the gulf between the two classes in the State by rendering all intermarriage between them unlawful. The resignation of the Decemvirs was followed by the defeat of the plebeians, not by their victory. The obnoxious law prohibiting intermarriage was embodied in the code, and an attempt was made to suppress the tribuneship. The conclusion is irresistible that the secession of the plebeians took place, not before the Decemvirs had resigned, but after they had been compelled to give up office, and that they did not return from the Sacred Hill until the tribuneship with its inviolability had been restored. Thus the political character of Appius is vindicated; and the incident of Virginia remains the only puzzle. Has it any foundation in fact? If it has, does it belong to this time or to another? It is perhaps impossible to answer these questions. The story of Virginia is not the only one in Roman tradition which is either absolutely false or has been deliberately displaced from its right position. In that of Coriolanus neither the hero's name, as Dr. Ihne remarks, nor his banishment, nor his rapid conquests, nor the intercession of the Roman matrons belong to history. It is ridiculous to speak of generals as insisting on the surrender of towns which they had already taken, and every other feature in the tale is equally absurd; but when we ask how the story grew up, Dr. Ihne replies frankly that he cannot say. "It may be a mere fiction designed to glorify the Roman matrons. At any rate, it was not calculated to throw light on the history of the Volscian wars." It may therefore be dismissed as

being either wholly untrue or else altogether in its wrong place; and, for the same reason, "all the stories of violence and cruelty ascribed to the Decemvirs must be regarded as fictitious, and as invented for the same motive of blackening the character of popular leaders, to which are to be ascribed similar charges against Spurius Cassius, Marcus Manlius, and even Caius Gracchus."

The same monstrous absurdity has been introduced into the story of Spurius Maelius, and we might have wished that Dr. Ihne had pointed it out with equal force. The limits of space assigned to him by the plan of the series may have led him into undue compression; but, in addition to telling the story, and adducing it as evidence of the furious lengths to which party spirit ran at Rome, it would have been well to tell the reader, as he has told us in his larger History, that the charge of aiming at royal power was in all likelihood never even brought against him, that it had its origin in the wilful distortions of the annalists, and that the picture which represents as a candidate for sovereignty a man "who had never had the direction of the government, who had never been even tribune, who, with the exception of his wealth, possessed no means of influence, who appears not to have had numerous adherents, and to have led no party," is simply ridiculous. It might have been well also if Dr. Ihne had laid more stress on the circumstances under which alone such tales could grow up. It is easy and natural to urge that a really popular tradition is not easily falsified, and that a genuine impression made on the minds of the people will remain there in spite of the strongest efforts to weaken or obliterate it. This is undoubtedly true, but the fallacy lies in supposing that the written tradition must necessarily represent rightly the popular feeling; whereas, on the contrary, if of two classes of the people one has the power of writing and the other has not, the former may hand down whatever versions of events may best suit its purposes, while the persistent written slanders of a predominant party are pretty sure in the long run to overpower the more generous and accurate oral tradition of their opponents. At Athens, as at Rome, literature was for a long time the instrument of the oligarchical factions, and in both the results were the same. Those who took the part of the people were systematically misrepresented, and were charged with the very crimes of which we might suppose that they would have the greatest horror. Thus Appius Claudius is blackened as a traitor to the Roman plebs, and Themistocles is stigmatized as the secret and persistent enemy of the Athenian demos, in the hope that the people may in the end be brought to accept the patrician or oligarchic version of the tale. At Rome it succeeded so perfectly that Cicero can name Tarquin the Proud, Maelius, and Cassius as offenders belonging to the same class; and it did so because the true historical sense was not awakened there for generations after the Gallic inroads. At Athens the efforts to blacken Themistocles were less successful, or rather we know them to have been less successful, because almost in the next generation an honest man rose who was determined that he would write down nothing but the truth, or what he believed to be the truth; and this honest man tells us that, although Themistocles was sedulously maligned as being in Persian pay and pledged to work the ruin of Hellas, the Athenian demos steadily refused to give credit to the slander or to believe that the man who had wrought the ruin of the Persian despot at Salamis could in after years be found to play into the tyrant's hands.

But the mere discovery of these falsehoods is really a recovery of the true history; and the genuine historian will rejoice in every instance in which he can succeed, no matter by what method, in getting at the real facts. It may be safely said that we have thus recovered not merely the history of Themistocles, but that of the Persian wars generally—a history many features of which, even in the pages of Grote, remain either incredible or unintelligible. In the same spirit Dr. Ihne is more anxious to bring out prominently such grains of truth as he may find in masses of fiction than to point out the inconsistencies and contradictions which must find their way even into tolerably trustworthy oral traditions. He is not sorry to think—nor are we, if his position can be made good—that, in maintaining that a genuine history of Rome does not begin before the war with Pyrrhus, Sir Cornwall Lewis went too far. Sufficient data, he believes, still exist "for sketching the outline of historical events from the beginning of the Republic, and to form a conception of the condition of the Roman people even in the age of the kings." The results which he obtains are reached, not by any arbitrary selection of incidents related in the stories of the kings; for, with scarcely an exception, all are rejected as fiction, and many of them as cumbrous and awkward fiction, but by a careful examination of every passing statement bearing on the course of Roman constitutional development. In other words, he is seeking to recover, not the history of the kings as persons, for this is lost beyond recall, but the history of the people in the kingly period; and the clearness with which he gives the results, together with his reasons for accepting them as historical, is deserving of all praise. Every sentence is likely not merely to rouse the attention of the reader, but to quicken his powers of perception and thought. There can be little doubt that the political growth of Latium and Rome during the regal period followed the course traced out by Dr. Ihne; but his readers have in their own hands the clue which will enable them, if they please, to verify or refute his conclusions. They will thus have acquired real knowledge, and not the mere pretence of knowledge; nor have we any hesitation in saying that

this honest and convincing volume will carry them a very long way. Those who have mastered its contents and carefully weighed the author's reasons for his conclusions will have fairly established their right to the title of historical scholars; and at the same time all who have at heart the true interests of historical study may be thankful that the full results of modern criticism on the records both of Greece and Rome are now brought within the reach of the humblest readers. The full effects of the change thus accomplished cannot be fully measured for at least another generation.

BECKETT'S BOOK ON BUILDING.*

IF even a tithe of the tales which Sir Edmund Beckett has to tell of the defaults and oversights committed by those who design and build our modern churches and houses be true, he has produced a useful and timely book. He has had the experience of a quarter of a century as an amateur planner of churches and houses, and is qualified for the task by practical knowledge and keen observation. He presents himself as fitted to act as his own clerk of the works, and to deal sharply with scamping builders and high-handed but incompetent architects. His volume, if not complete as a book of reference, at least covers a great deal of ground. Indeed his love of the subject has induced him to attempt a wider range than many will care for when he extends his observations on the structure of roofs and towers and spires to the theory of domes and of the Great Pyramid; but, while the learned will pounce upon his fifth and sixth chapters, and find much that is curious in his views on church architecture of the highest type, and on the principles of dome construction, the most practical, economical, and comfort-loving of country squires may turn to the house-building chapters for evidence of shrewd experience which may be invaluable in preventing mistakes such as, once committed, there would be nothing left but to deplore. Sir E. Beckett is strongly opposed to architectural competition, and thinks it better to obtain an architect recommended by a friend, or by his own reputation, subject to approval of his plans before contracting with a builder. The theory of selection from anonymous designs is turned inside out, and the fallacies of competition drawings with rooks about a steeple, and little ladies and gentlemen on the foreground of a building, with deceptive depth of shadows, and other devices which tend to what Sir E. Beckett terms the "Babyhouse style," are exposed in their true unreality. Indeed the unveiling of the perils of tenders fortified by contractors who rely on "extras" ordered subsequently by the architect, or on his lack of oversight and an opportunity of scamping the work—a common device for converting a losing contract into a paying one—might tempt a careful man to let an old house crumble about his ears rather than run into brick and mortar, were it not that the perusal of such a book as this may save him from some dangers. We find in page 18 that, according to the author of a popular volume, "the client (i.e. employer) yields himself, absolutely, after the plans are settled, to his professional adviser, or architect"; and this claim is in some cases found to mean that "the architect may order additions or alterations either before or after any of the work is done, without consulting the owner, or even if he object, and the employer shall pay for it at a valuation, with a percentage to the architect for designing it, and a further for valuing it, unless another valuer is employed, which is as bad." To meet such claims, direct or indirect, our author trusts to the sixth condition in his formula of "conditions for competing designs" (p. 16), in reference to which attention is called to the "new Government Agreement with architects," the principle of which is that their remuneration should be "a fixed sum to be agreed upon beforehand," which sum should cover all alterations of not unusual magnitude, and all but actual travelling expenses. In reference to the measuring of quantities by an architect or his clerk, the decision of Mr. Justice Quain has settled that one and a half per cent. on the lowest tender, and not two and a half, is the custom of the trade; and here, as in a specimen contract with the builder (pp. 37-42), employers or committees owe much to Sir Edmund's practical hints. One is a stringent clause prohibiting "alterations" *without consent of the employer*; another is that no architect or clerk of works shall be deemed the agent of the employer; another is the omission of an arbitration clause, because of the notorious costliness of that resort, and its tendency to favour contractors. As to the "clerk of the works," however good he may sometimes be, our author regards him as "a great reflection on the building trade."

We pass over the lively and epigrammatic strictures on "architects v. workmen," "architects v. artists," and other kindred topics of the second chapter, for the more widely interesting matter of the third and fourth, which treat of House-building and Masonry, and of Carpentry and Fittings, and are full of suggestions which are plainly congruous to common sense. The architect's mistake in planting a house "to be looked at rather than looked from"; the owner's mistake in building in the bottom of a valley rather than up a slope, for the sake of the warmth and health which are ordinarily more assured by a higher level and site; the obstinacy of landlords in refusing to allow a tenant to cut down trees which are too close to a house, and so invite damp whilst discouraging air and sun, are forcibly put in

these pages. The following is Sir Edmund Beckett's view of the ivy question, which we give simply as his opinion:—

Some years ago archdeacons used to go about the world *charging* against ivy as making churches and parsonages damp. I believe that they have now learnt better; at any rate, it is well known that nothing tends so much to keep walls dry as ivy; at any rate, west ones, against which the rain beats hardest. I have heard of west rooms, rooms which could never be kept dry till they were covered with ivy. It is also cool in summer and warm in winter. But you must take care that ivy does not get into holes or cracks in your walls, or it will split them to pieces in time.

Apropos of archdeacons, perhaps the author acquired his interest in the ways of these "bishop's eyes" from being himself a bishop's son-in-law; for elsewhere, with regard to the too common neglect of the state of our church and cathedral roofs and gutters, we find him propounding that "archdeacons and rural deans should be men of capacity for ascending bad staircases and ladders, and should cultivate an 'eye for defects,' in which too many architects as well as archdeacons are sadly deficient." As to aspect, his belief is that it has more to do with health, comfort, and economy of coals than prospect. The best aspect for the principal rooms is south or S.S.E.; if they are bed-rooms, then due south; it is well, however, to have one sitting-room to the east, for refuge in hot weather. Neither dining-room nor kitchen will bear to be to the west. The latter may be north or east, and the former S.S.E., N.E., or even east. His objection to houses built, as one finds among old and new, in the shape of an E, is that the advanced wings can only communicate through the middle and best part of the house—a drawback which Sir E. Beckett illustrates very amusingly. Though some persons find strong objections to a central hall and lantern, his leaning is rather in favour of it; but he condemns another feature of Italian houses of the last century, the low basement floor with offices, and the cumbersome external flight of steps to the hall, front door, and living rooms. This in many cases has fallen into disuse, so that the broad and lofty stair is apt to mislead the stranger. It is undoubtedly a virtue of such a basement floor that it lifts the living rooms out of the damp. There is much weight in Mr. Hope Scott's hint to the author not to forget a second sitting-room, available in old age for a downstairs sleeping-room. This is to be the guests' resort, if you keep your library for yourself; this is the "gun-room," says our author, of *She Stoops to Conquer*. His place for the billiard-room is much better than the American plan of putting it in a swollen belvedere tower; and his remarks with reference to the construction, position, and details of staircases and banisters are excellent. It is hard to believe that "architects forgetting the staircase" is a fact, not a joke; but we read of their doing what is almost as silly, making the clock-tower useless for lack of space. It was a happy thought that suggested the now usual practice of contriving a luggage-door close to the back-stairs, to avoid knocking about the best walls with Noah's arks for a three days' visit, or loading carriages at the front door. An argument for chimneys outside, not inside, the walls, is their allowing a flush chimney breast, though in a library the book-cases create the same effect. The projection in such cases will be towards the garden; but it must be remembered that you must have at least nine inches of external brickwork, or the heat will benefit the garden at the expense of the room. As to ventilation, the author insists very strongly on the need of fresh air:—

The female mind generally seems to have a special enmity to air and light, and considers the preservation of the colours of carpets and curtains of more consequence than health or eyes; and housekeepers and housemaids are taught to think it elegant and fashionable to keep all the blinds drawn half-way down the windows, or muslin curtains all over them, as cooks make half their dishes to look at, or according to their notions of fashionable and vulgar; the vulgarity being generally what most people like to eat, and the attempt to avoid it the essence of vulgarity.

There can be no doubt that the best plan of light for a library is to have the windows high above the book-cases; but Sir E. Beckett is inclined to prefer in every living-room the light from above, not below; and it is certainly true that rooms with windows carried very high are in some respects unusually pleasant. But stay-at-home folks prefer to be able to see the garden at a level with their feet, and we doubt whether they would be content with the compromise of the drawing-room bay, in p. 126, which is five-sided or semidecagonal, and where one only of the five lights goes down to the ground, with a few steps outside into the garden. On the vexed question of the best building-stone the volume before us contains valuable information; and it will be found very useful, too, upon such matters as mortars, cements, tiles, flags, garden wall-cappings, &c. The mixture of brickdust with mortar, making it nearly equal to cement, is as old, we are reminded, as Vitruvius, and our author regards with some favour walls and buildings of cement-concrete. He is justly severe on the scamping, though medieval, practice of "filling in" walls with loose rubble flushed with drowned mortar. This caused the collapse in 1861 of Chichester Cathedral tower, and brought that of Doncaster "on its knees when the outer casing of its legs was burnt." We must barely glance at the fourth chapter, which is chiefly concerned with carpentry, and teems with practical hints on roofing, gutters, tanks, storage of water, and in the matter of fireplaces goes dead against the revived fashion of low-set grates. "There ought," in the author's judgment, "to be seven inches clear below the bars, and nine would be better." In window arrangements Sir Edmund Beckett's mechanical turn of mind has enabled him to invent more than one clever improvement—e.g. oil-holes for window-pulleys (p. 206), and a new window-fastening to defy thieves as well as wind. In safe-locks, also, he

* *A Book on Building, Civil and Ecclesiastical, &c., &c.* By Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., LL.D., Q.C., F.R.A.S. With illustrations. London: Lockwood & Co. 1876.

might have claimed the honours of a couple of patents. As to varnish and French polish, he is a determined foe to both, believing polished oak floors a "special contrivance for breaking legs." Still somehow we are not aware that the percentage of such accidents in France is in excess of those in the land of carpets. The best security for sound-proof upper floors—e.g. between a drawing-room and best bedroom—is to keep the ceiling joists distinct from the joists of the floor above, or to lay something loose, gravel, shavings, or sawdust, on thin boards over the ceiling. No good house nowadays, we should suppose, is destitute of some form of "sound boarding," as it is called (224). Sir Edward's inventiveness finds another field in p. 230, in an uncouth and more efficient substitute for the expensive telescope dining-tables. His tendency to be a "laudator temporis acti" is seen in his wrath at the removal of the central table from modern sitting-rooms to make room for settees and lolling chairs.

Turning to the Church Building chapter, we find that our author does not pretend to solve the problem of building a satisfactory church in brick, and he by no means bans the use of plaster, which he discovers partially hiding brickwork at a very early period. He lays great store on a wide chancel, and contends that the architectural orthodoxy which makes the chancel narrower than the nave is of quite modern invention. The effect is not so good, and it is not so convenient for the choir. To come to details, we would draw attention to the author's amusing pages touching pulpits, whether the woodwork specimens of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or "the stone tubs which Sydney Smith called 'parson-coolers.'" He evidently favours the bracket, or corbel, arrangement from the wall against which the pulpit stands, as at Trinity Church, Coventry, or a quasi-preaching gallery, on which question we should like to take the sense of a jury of preachers.

But we must close this account of a book which embraces the whole range of architecture and building, ecclesiastical and domestic, and which will be read with pleasure as well as profit by all who are curious on such topics, as well as by those who have a practical concern in them, whether or not they agree with all the opinions of a writer whose cleverness never makes default from an excess of self-distrust. We may in conclusion quote a passage in which Sir Edmund, with jovial chivalry, defends his friend Sir Gilbert Scott from the charge of "unnecessary destructiveness attributed to our greatest church-restorer":—

Strangers of the dilettanti kind, and people who would be writing about gigantic gooseberries if they could find nothing else to write about, see something that they think picturesque or ancient in a church, and know nothing of its condition or capability of standing. Next time they come they find it gone. Off goes a letter to the newspaper—"The church has been restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, and to my horror I found that such and such a thing of the most venerable antiquity had been removed for"—perhaps the most important thing in the building; but that is nothing to the antiquarian great gooseberry man!

After reading his book, we should say that the best provision against such railing accusations would be to have Sir Edmund Beckett, or some one of like vigilance and experience, on the building committee.

ANNE WARWICK.*

IF women were really like the creatures written of by novelists, no satire that has yet been flung against them would be too severe, no condemnation too sweeping. The wording of those laws which rank them with infants and idiots has often called forth their passionate outcry and indignant repudiation; but according to the portraits often drawn by the sex itself, which may be taken to know itself, they are fit for nothing else but to be classed in the same category as lunatics, with treatment to correspond. Here in *Anne Warwick* is the story of the mind, motives, and doings of a young woman, presumably sane, as given by Miss Georgiana Craik; a young woman presented to us, on the whole, an admirable sort of person, and as fascinating as she is good. And what do we find as the reality of her character beneath the obvious intention of the author? Simply a mass of folly, weakness, petulance, and selfishness, which we look at with amazement as representing what one woman thinks pretty and praiseworthy in another.

Anne Warwick is the history of that difficult subject and almost certain failure in literature, a lively young woman whose pertness is to pass for wit, and who, outlined as bright and gay, generally comes out in the finished picture as rude and bold, impertinent and silly. However, what Shakspeare has scarcely done in Beatrice Miss Craik may be content to have failed to do in *Anne Warwick*. Those who like well-bred girls not specially delighting in "chaff," or reasonable women who, when they have committed themselves to a certain action, knew how to take the consequences of it with dignity and to put some kind of common sense into their daily lives, will certainly not be captivated by this young lady. We are introduced to Miss Warwick standing in the sunshine—"she was a woman who never shrank from sunshine," says the author, as a symbolic characteristic—talking to her cousin Lucy; the latter lamenting her own want of beauty, and declaring that she would part with all her money and luxury to be as beautiful as Anne; and Anne assuring her that she would not like the change if she could

make it, enumerating by way of proof the little vicarages which she would have to practise were she the poor Vicar's portionless daughter, and not Miss Carstairs of the Hall. We then see her with a certain young man, a Mr. Hilton, with whom she is half, and her cousin Lucy wholly, in love, and who, penniless young barrister as he is, loves Anne but knows that he ought to marry Lucy. With him we have six pages of Miss Warwick's "chaff," and then a few sentences by the author written with that false air of realism which consists in saying "perhaps," or "I think," as if the story were a real biography wherein the writer could make only guesses and at the best but offer suggestions and hypotheses. And we may as well say here, once for all, that this is one of the most annoying of Miss Craik's literary mannerisms. It is a mere trick at all times, and never accomplishes its purpose. It takes in no one, and does not make the story more lifelike; but only gives an air of affectation which offends the reader's taste, and sets him at cross-purposes with the writer and the characters.

After this meeting with Mr. Hilton, the penniless young barrister, Anne Warwick encounters a certain Mr. Faulkner, who, grave and reserved himself, has a salutary moral control over her, so that she "conducted herself with the most perfect propriety and decorum"; for which the reader has cause to be thankful. Though the author says, *more suo*, "I do not suppose she was thinking much of Mr. Faulkner as she stood before her glass smoothing her bright hair . . . it was of some one very unlike him that she was musing, as she stood before the glass with that half proud, half sensitive curl upon her lips," yet he is the man who exercises the greatest amount of influence on her life, and whose love for her makes the story. As things are in the beginning she is indifferent to him. "He was slow and deliberate, and Anne, who was as quick and lithe as an eel herself, had not much sympathy with slowness. And then, too, Mr. Faulkner was grave, and Anne had a bad trick of talking a great deal of nonsense, and in her heart was a little afraid of gravity." In the visit, however, which she and her father make to Mr. Faulkner at Sutton, his own house, she "gets saucy; some of their customary light was beginning to sparkle up into her grey eyes"; "she was a young woman, you see, to whom it was not wise to give even the smallest encouragement to talk nonsense"; but Mr. Faulkner evidently liked her; "her quick bright ways seemed to amuse him; there was a frankness about her that he liked, perhaps"; and he presses her to come again when he wishes her good-bye:—

She turned her face round to smile a farewell to him as they drove away. He was standing in the open door where he had parted from them, a handsome enough figure of a man, broad-shouldered and tall. But Anne was hardly thinking of his look or carriage as she turned back to give that parting smile to him. She would have thought of it probably if he had been a stranger, but he was only Mr. Faulkner, whom she had known all her life—a sober, middle-aged man (he was only thirty, but at thirty some men do look middle-aged)—her father's friend. It was as a contemporary of her father far more than of herself that Anne always thought of him. If he had come down some day to call at the Parsonage in knee-breeches and gaiters such as her father wore, with a shovel hat like the Vicar's on his head, I do not think that after the first moment the girl would have felt the least surprise.

After this there is an incipient love scene between Anne and Mr. Hilton, wherein she is pert and wilful, but so far mistress of herself and him that she prevents the avowal which he is anxious to make, and which she would be willing to hear were it possible for it to end in an engagement. But, besides his poverty and her want of fortune, she does not believe in him; "he is not true, he never is true with all his heart," she says; and, after crying as it seems to us such a woman would not have cried after a man whom she does not trust and with whom she is only half in love, she supposes that he will go to Lucy and console himself, and that Lucy will be his wife in a year's time. "But I might have had him instead of her if I had liked." "And I am afraid," says the author in her quality of biographer, "that, when this reflection occurred to her, Miss Warwick was more calmed and comforted by it than a thoroughly admirable woman should have been."

The next circumstance in the story is the death of the Vicar, and Anne's consequent destitution. Her chief friend is Mr. Faulkner, from whom she accepts all manner of fraternal attentions, though she has her rich uncle in the place, and her cousin Lucy is more like her sister than her cousin; but when the love which was patent enough to all eyes but her own declares itself, she refuses to marry him, and is properly distressed that the offer has been made. Though her father on his death-bed had recommended her to Mr. Faulkner's care, and had spoken of him to her in terms of which any other woman, though not "as quick and lithe as an eel," would have understood the significance, Miss Warwick is taken by surprise, and only wishes that she could accept him; but, as she cannot, she gives him both her hands, which he kisses. After this she sings, and plays between her songs in a soothing dreamy way which laps her hearers "in a soft labyrinth of melodious sounds," spinning her "web round them like a cunning spider," and all to charm Mr. Hilton:—

They talked, and laughed, and jested. It was a strange thing to Anne afterwards to look back upon it all—to recall their thoughtless words, to remember their gay laughter, to think how lightly she had played the part that she had played before so often, for the last time in all her life to-night. That light, gay part of a careless girl, and a coquette. She thought of it afterwards a thousand—ten thousand times. This man was going away, and, though she had no right to do it, she tried to charm him in this last hour before he went: he was in love with her, and, though she did not love him, she tried to make her beauty more beautiful, her wit brighter to him before he left her.

With this what may be called the prologue ends, and the real

* *Anne Warwick*. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred" "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1877.

story begins. Mr. Faulkner meets with an accident in a railway train, is nearly killed and almost wholly paralysed, sends for Anne, makes his will in her favour, and asks her to marry him on his death-bed. To this she consents, the reader can scarcely understand why, as she knows nothing of the will, and does not think of his money or her own gain. She does, however, consent, though it is not for love and scarcely for pity; weakness of will and fluidity of nature are not harmonious with her character; and Mr. Faulkner's own ground of confidence, her being an "impulsive generous-natured woman," is scarcely borne out by the sequel. For, if still impulsive, she is certainly not generous-natured; scarcely, indeed, what would be called humane or feminine. She consents, however, and goes over to Sutton, where Mr. Faulkner is lying, apparently dying; acts for a short time as his nurse; and then marries him, when the doctors declare that he will not live through the day. But, before she goes, she expresses herself in strong terms to her cousin about his selfishness in asking her to be his wife for a few minutes on his death-bed, and her face burnt with a "look in it almost of contempt, which it was well, perhaps, for Mr. Faulkner that he could not see."

There is something revolting in all this part of the story. Anne marries the man who, "whether selfishly or unselfishly, at any rate loved her tenderly enough to make the thought of her his first thought, both in life and death," on the understanding that he is to die; and she is indignant when the inevitable "change for the better" sets in, and he lives instead. She attends on him through his recovery with cold assiduity; but she quarrels with him daily, and is always saying hard and bitter speeches which no woman, with the faintest grace of womanhood in her, could have said to a man slowly recovering from death, and whose sole crimes are that he loves her, wished to call her wife before he died, and to endow her with all his wealth. It is odd that any woman writing of a woman, and one for whom she wishes the reader to feel sympathy and admiration, should have made her such an almost brutal person. The reader wearies of her "hardness" and "coldness" and "bitterness"; and we feel sure that most women would repudiate such a picture as a portrait of ordinary feminine nature, not to speak of one set forth as something beyond the ordinary rule of life. The whole tone and treatment of this second part of the story is incredibly unfeeling and selfish, and Mr. Faulkner's patience under the discipline which he has given himself is less admirable than strange. It all comes right in the end, when Anne's jealousy has been piqued and her selfishness touched on another side; and she falls as much in love with her husband, restored to health, as she had been out of heart and patience with him when, a cripple and an invalid, he had broken his implied engagement and lived instead of dying.

We cannot say that we like the story of *Anne Warwick*, nor can we praise the style. "Anne, are you not going to come home?" may be colloquial English, but it is decidedly not elegant; "that humble, happy, tremulous laugh that Anne, I think, would almost have been tempted to box her ears for, if she had heard it"; and many more phrases of the same kind, which might be taken at random from almost any page, place the book among those slipshod productions which may be anything that their authors wish to make them, but are certainly not good English. The awakening of Anne from contempt and hardness, cold brutality and morbid selfishness, into a wild and passionate love for her husband requires more delicate treatment and nicer shading, and we cannot forgive the author for the presentation of such a character when she might have shown us how pity and tenderness, and the recognition of a man's strong love and gratitude for goodness, at last wrought the inevitable change and created love out of indifference. As it is, the very change in Anne's mind is more from selfishness than tenderness, more from jealousy than from true and honest womanly feeling; and we can only say that Mr. Faulkner was a model husband to suffer so long and then be so exuberantly grateful when the wind of a woman's caprice changed and the barometer of the thing she called her heart changed from foul to fair.

MINOR NOTICES.

MISS EDWARDS has produced a work on Egypt* which, if it does not add materially to our information about that country, at least presents a very bright and agreeable picture of it, and makes a handsome and interesting volume. It is a stout quarto in white and gold, with a border of Egyptian emblems in black, and apparently belongs to the class of "table-books." On account of its weight it will probably not be often lifted from its resting-place; but the type is large and clear enough to be read without being held up to the eyes; and the excellent illustrations deserve attention on their own account. It is not perhaps the sort of book which most people would settle down to read right through; but the author writes in such an easy, good-natured, chatty way, and her simple, unaffected enjoyment of the tour is so catching, that any one who cares to go on it will certainly be repaid. We get, of course, quite a woman's view of the subject; for Miss Edwards, unlike some other literary ladies, is evidently the last person in the world to think of renouncing her sex, and assuming a masculine swagger. She did not attempt any feats of diffi-

culty. She was content with seeing the mould in the mud which a crocodile had just left, but did not seek further acquaintance with the creature. The first time she went to the Pyramids it was only to look at them; and though afterwards she and a friend climbed the Great Pyramid, the ascent of which is very easy, they would not go inside, being satisfied with the report of a travelling acquaintance that the interior was stifling, foul under foot, and very fatiguing. In fact, the charm of the book is to be found in the way in which the writer gives an idea of the quiet, dozy, unexciting, yet not uninteresting, dahabeeyah trip up the Nile. "There is not much to see," we are told at one place; "and yet one never wants for amusement. Now we pass an island of sand-bank covered with snow-white paddy-birds; next comes Bibbeh, perched high along the edge of the precipitous bank, its odd-looking Coptic convent roofed all over with little mud domes, like a cluster of earth-bubbles. By and by we pass a deserted sugar-factory, with shattered windows, and a huge, gaunt, blackened chimney, worthy of Birmingham or Sheffield. And now we catch a glimpse of the railway." But much of this enjoyment was, no doubt, due to the tourist's temperament. The choice, she holds, between travelling in the dahabeeyah—flat-bottomed, light in draught, and easily poled off when stuck—and the steamer is like the choice between travelling with post-horses and travelling by rail—"the one expensive, leisurely, and delightful; and the other cheap, swift, and comfortable." In this case, however, the dahabeeyah was not so dear; for the whole cost, including food, dragoman's wages, boat hire, cataract, and everything, except wine, was not more than ten pounds a day, and there were five in the party. It was very much by chance that Miss Edwards went to Egypt. She had gone with a friend on a sketching tour in central France; but had incessant rain, and took refuge, as she says, in Egypt, as one might turn aside into the Burlington Arcade or the Passage des Panoramas, to get out of the wet. Miss Edwards is of opinion that in Egypt things have, after all, not changed very much in the course of centuries. She believes that the *physique* and life of the fellah of to-day are almost identical with those of the race in the wall-paintings of the tombs. He has the same figure, "square shoulders, slight but strong in the limbs, full-lipped, brown-skinned"; wears the same loin-cloth; plies the same shadoof, ploughs with the same primitive plough; prepares and eats his food in much the same way. Water is poured on the hands before going in to dinner from just such a river and into just such a basin as are pictured in the festival-scenes at Thebes; water is brought to table in the same old-fashioned jars; and mouths of bottles are filled in the ancient way with fresh leaves and flowers; little boys in Nubia still wear the side-lock which graced the head of Rameses in his youth, and a Nubian belle plaits her tresses in scores of little tails. Miss Edwards gives a very favourable account of the crew of the boat in which she sailed:—"More docile, active, good-tempered, friendly fellows never pulled an oar." Their staple food is bread in slices dried in the sun, as brown as gingerbread and as hard as biscuit, which for eating are soaked in hot water, flavoured with oil, pepper, and salt, and stirred in with boiled lentils till the whole becomes like pea-soup. This mess, with a little coffee twice a day, and now and then a handful of dates, is their only food, except when the passengers treat them to a sheep. They are very sober. Their pay is two pounds a month, with an addition of three shillings and sixpence for flour. When the Nile season is over, they live as porters in Cairo or labourers in the country districts. Food in some parts is very cheap. At the Minieh market a hundred eggs cost about fourpence; chickens, fivepence each; pigeons, twopence to twopence-halfpenny apiece. Altogether Miss Edwards's "Thousand Miles" is full of interest, and a very pleasant book.

Washington Irving's story of *Bracebridge Hall* has been taken as a subject by Mr. Caldecott*, who last year illustrated the same writer's *Old Christmas*, and the manner in which he has accomplished the task fully confirms the impression produced by his former work, that we may congratulate ourselves on the rise of a new humorous artist. This has for some years been a great want, for too many of those who nowadays set up as humorous artists either cannot draw, or, as is more generally the rule, have little or no humour. Mr. Keene is the only true successor of Leech, and he does too little, probably finding other work more profitable. Mr. Tenniel, though artistic and graphic, never raises a smile. Mr. Du Maurier, though a skilful artist, occasionally falls into mannerism; and Mr. Sambourne suggests painful contortions in his elaborate and ineffectual efforts to be funny. Mr. Caldecott seems to have a fresh, true touch; nothing can be more delicate and expressive than some of his figures, and his drawing is not mere scratching. But his chief merit is that there is always an idea in his pictures, and that he has a keen and discriminating perception of character. Take, for instance, the heading of the preface in this volume; it is only a figure of the supposed entertainer saluting two ladies, who are all that is seen of the audience; and nothing can be more slight and easy than the drawing. Yet there is distinct character in each; the man is gracefully courteous, but not obsequious; the lady, who has her back to us, sits stiffly, and is apparently disposed to be critical; while the other, who is apparently younger, and has a pretty face, slightly inclines in sign of sympathetic prepossession. There is also fun in the following pages—on one side a flunkey shutting up the screen of "Contents," in one of the corners of which three dogs are cosily ensconced, and

* *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*. By Amelia B. Edwards. Illustrated by the Author. Longmans & Co.

* *Bracebridge Hall*. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by R. Caldecott. Macmillan & Co.

on the other the dogs viciously snapping at his heels, because he had evidently squeezed them in the process. Mr. Irving's tale, a sequel to his *Christmas*, may be assumed to be pretty well known, and is here condensed, which, as a rule, we object to, though here, we must admit, it is done judiciously. It is a pleasant story in itself, though not particularly deep or humorous; but Mr. Caldecott's illustrations give it fresh point and animation.

*The Life, Letters, and Writings of Charles Lamb**, which has just appeared under the editorship of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is described in the preface as representing the life and works of Lamb "in a fuller and more complete shape than they have yet been presented to the reader." The life is, in fact, a reprint of Talfourd's biography, with notes by Mr. Fitzgerald. This biography, it is well known, appeared in two parts; the first, published during Lamb's sister's lifetime, passing over the fact that, in a fit of mania, she took her mother's life; and the second part, being merely a supplement to the first, filling up this and other gaps in the original work. There were, however, a number of points on which Talfourd was either ignorant or misinformed, or thought it better to hide or modify the facts. Moreover, since the original biography was composed, others have appeared—franker, and with new stories and details. Under these circumstances, Talfourd's Memoirs have of course been in a certain degree superseded, and the question for the present editor was what should be done to rectify and complete an imperfect record. The natural and best course, it seems to us, would have been for Mr. Fitzgerald to take the materials available, including Talfourd's matter, and write an entirely new life. But this he has hesitated to do, and has hit on the weak compromise of reprinting Talfourd, joining the two parts of the work together, and adding notes of his own to correct or supplement the text. As to Lamb's letters, they were, as Mr. Fitzgerald points out, in many cases suppressed, abridged, or toned down by Talfourd, especially where Lamb broke into humorous execrations; "hang" being substituted for "damn"; such flings as the "Right Reverend tears of Earl Nelson," or "Hurrah, boys! down with the Atheists," being struck out; and when a name which it was thought not desirable to be known occurred, it was marked, not by the true initial or a blank, but by a letter which put the reader on the wrong scent. Passages, too, in which Lamb confessed his peccadilloes, such as "wasting away the little we have," or "Last Sunday, inspired with new rum, I tumbled down and broke my nose," were rigorously expunged. In fact, Talfourd in his life of Lamb and selections from his letters was bent upon giving, not simply the man as he was, but a touched-up portrait of him. Some years ago the letters given by Talfourd were compared with the originals, and most of the missing passages replaced, while fragments of letters which had been divided were restored to their original place. How far the letters were even then published in full cannot be known, for the originals have since disappeared. In the present edition the revised text has been adopted, and some new letters, besides others obtained from various sources, have been inserted. Mr. Fitzgerald is, no doubt, right in adhering to the real text as far as it is known; but his new letters are, as a rule, of very little value. He himself indeed admits that many of them are of a very trifling kind, mere "notelets," but pleads that they are characteristic of the writer, and therefore worth preserving. In this direction, however, he has certainly gone too far. Many a literary genius or other great man has to write in the course of his life a vast quantity of petty formal notes and letters just the same as ordinary men; and this was Lamb's case. When he received a present of game, or seats at the play, or an invitation to a friendly gathering, or any other attention, he had to send an acknowledgment; and, though he often worded it oddly, even he could hardly make much of such commonplace incidents. We think, therefore, that it is a mistake to publish so many of these small letters in this volume. What, for instance, can possibly be the good of reproducing such a commonplace as this:—"My dear Haydon,—I will come with pleasure to 22 Lisson Grove North, at Rosse's, half-way up, right-hand side, if I can find it. 20 Russell Court, Covent Garden East, half-way up, next the corner, left-hand side"; or, "My dear Sir,—We shall hope to see you to-morrow evening to a rubber. Thanks for your very kind letter, and intentions respecting a bird"; or "You shall see us on Thursday, with Mr. B. if possible, about 8. We shall have Teased." Sometimes Lamb tries a bad joke, as this about a gift of a hare:—"The hairs of our head are numbered, but those which emanate from your heart defy arithmetic." Lamb probably wrote many notes like the following, but they are hardly worth cherishing up, except on the old Chinese principle that every scrap of written paper is sacred—"Mary is afraid lest the calico and handkerchief have miscarried which you were to send. Have you sent 'em? Item, a bill with 'em, including the former silk, and balance struck in a tradesman-like way." There are many other "notelets" equally trivial which merely swell out the volumes to no purpose. Nearly all of the late Mr. Forster's contributions are of this sort; but he had a theory, which is very conspicuous in his *Life of Dickens*, that his eminent friends were chiefly important on account of any personal connexion they might have with himself. Mr. Fitzgerald has also added some anonymous fragments by Lamb from various periodicals, but they are not worth reproducing. Taken altogether, the present edition certainly gives us Lamb in full, and the editor's annotations are useful; but it certainly contains a good deal that might well have been omitted.

* *The Life, Letters, and Writings of Charles Lamb*. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by Percy Fitzgerald. 6 vols. Moxon & Co.

Mr. Formby's *Little Book of the Martyrs of the City of Rome** is a rather peculiar publication. It came out amid the swarm of gay and cheerful Christmas works, with which outwardly it has some resemblance in its bright binding of gold and colours; and it is avowedly intended for the young, as the author speaks of "my dear young readers." In short, it has just the look of an ordinary children's story-book, and we can fancy a "dear young reader" opening the gaudy covers with pleasant anticipations. Tales of martyrdom must, of course, necessarily be sad; but still they might be told in such a manner as to exhibit in an interesting and even consoling manner the noble faith and fortitude of the martyrs without giving unnecessary prominence to the horrible details of their sufferings. This, however, is not Mr. Formby's plan; and we cannot imagine a more cruel shock to the feelings of any tender-hearted boy or girl in taking up this externally pretty-looking book than that which must follow the discovery of the nature of the entertainment provided within. The frontispiece is a large picture of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, in which the saint is shown lying in agony on the ground, while the Jews are standing round and smashing his head with large stones. After a few pages we come to a page which contains pictures of "the torture of the Tunica Molesta," which presents a man wrapped in inflammable materials, and tied to a stake, being set fire to with a torch; and of "Christians covered with the skins of wild beasts being torn by dogs." Next we have the execution of St. Paul, who is kneeling down, while the executioner stands over him with his sword raised to cut off his head. At page 54 we read:—"The kinds of torture to which the Christians were subjected were extremely various, and our space would not admit of even the attempt being made to give a full and complete account of the mode in which the heathens tried to overcome and break down the resistance of the Christians; we must necessarily be content with a partial selection." Thus resigning himself with a sigh to a limited summary of revolting horrors, the writer makes up for it by a long series of pictures representing the torture of the martyrs in the most vivid and revolting way. We are shown "the rack, used either by itself or combined with the application of burning torches, the pouring in of boiling pitch, and the tearing of the limbs with iron rakes"; different modes of torture by the use of the stake, such as people being tied up while bees sting or hungry kites tear them with their beaks; modes of torture by suspension, one victim being hung up by the hands with a heavy weight at his feet, and another tied up by the heels, with his head hanging over a blazing brazier; the torture, called the Scaphismos, which seems to consist in a man being shut up in an iron box, from which his head, arms, and legs protrude and are exposed to a swarm of bees. Then there is a lively and spirited sketch of the torture of the wheel, a body being shown on the point of coming down upon the spikes below. On the same page is a martyr being rent in twain upon the rack. Next follow, in sickening and loathsome succession, pictures of people being rolled downhill; pressed between stones; scourged with lead-mounted thongs; having legs broken on an anvil; being precipitated from a height upon spikes in the ground; jagged all over with sharp rakes; grilled on a gridiron; made to walk over flaming coals; having to sit on a blazing seat; being roasted inside a brazen bull; being immersed—in this case it is a woman—in boiling pitch or fat; being cast into a river with a mill-stone round the neck; being flayed alive; being dragged by a wild horse. There are also equally pretty pictures of St. Perpetua being attacked by a mad cow, and St. Gregory's body sniffed at by lions. The last page is adorned by a graphic sketch of a Christian being eaten up by rats. In short, a more painful and disgusting book to put before young people we never before saw. Mr. Formby, who appears to be a Roman Catholic priest, does not touch on the operations of the Inquisition; but this, perhaps, he reserves for another time.

A new and revised edition of Mr. Russell's history of the British Expedition to the Crimea†, which has for some time been out of print, has appeared very opportunely, and many readers will no doubt be glad to refresh their recollections of that eventful period at a time when a revival of the Eastern question in a new form renders the subject especially interesting and instructive. On the other hand, to many youthful readers Mr. Russell's picturesque and animated narrative will perhaps have the charm of being comparatively new. The writer remarks in his preface that "a powerful party in England is taking in 1876 energetic action to promote the objects which were so strenuously resisted in 1854," and suggests that the record of what Great Britain did twenty-two years ago may lead to some useful reflections as to the consequences of a violent reaction. The present edition of this work not only gives a complete and graphic account of the military operations in the Crimea, but also a full view of the diplomatic proceedings, including the Treaty of Paris, and the correspondence between Prince Gortchakoff and Lord Granville on the denunciation of that treaty in 1870. The volume is well supplied with maps and plans.

Whatever rank among the chief English poets may be assigned to Mr. Tennyson‡ by the deliberate verdict of posterity, there can

* *The Little Book of the Martyrs of the City of Rome*. With numerous Illustrations. By the Rev. Henry Formby. Burns & Oates.

† *The British Expedition to the Crimea*. By W. H. Russell, LL.D. New and Revised Edition. With Maps and Plans. Routledge.

‡ *The Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate*. Vol. I. The Miscellaneous Poems. H. S. King & Co.

at least be no doubt as to the general and well-sustained popularity which he has enjoyed in his own generation; and there is no more conclusive proof of this than the number and variety of the editions of his writings which have been successively called for in order to meet the tastes and means of all classes of society. There is at present a good choice in this way, from the slim, limp booklets which are such good company in the autumn tour, to the more bulky and dignified volumes of the editions for home use; but it is thought that there ought to be yet another issue which should do honour to the poems by its excellence in those adjuncts upon which the appearance of a book depends; and though it would of course be out of place here to touch upon the contents of such a work, it may be said that in these mechanical respects it is a model of good taste and finished execution. Nothing can be more artistic or more agreeable to the eye than the clear and beautiful typography, the delicate hue of the paper, and the quiet yet handsome binding.

Mr. Dowden's volume of poems* has been cited as a decisive answer to Lord Macaulay's theory that, as civilization grows, poetry will decline; but, though we are not prepared to adopt this dictum absolutely, but only in a limited sense, we should certainly be disposed to regard the verses in question rather as a confirmation than as a refutation of its truth. There could hardly be a better illustration of the way in which culture, under certain conditions, is inconsistent with, if not antagonistic to, the free impulses of inborn poetry, than Mr. Dowden's book. The pieces are, no doubt, all very pretty, and nicely turned, and run on melodiously enough, though the language is occasionally eccentric and far-fetched; but, though fluent, they are thin and rather feeble, and it is evident throughout that the poetical feeling is imitative and contemplative, and not of original power. We have failed, at least, to discover any of those "spiritual altitudes" which have been so rapturously hailed. One can see in almost every case that the verses are the result of study and reflection, and not of spontaneous inspiration. The prevailing tone of the volume is the lazy languor of a rather weary man who likes to lie on his back on the grass and look at the sun or listen to a rivulet. In one piece, "The Fountain,"—that is, of Hippocrene—which is given as "an introduction to the sonnets," and has apparently a personal application, he says:—

Hush, let the fountain murmur dim
Melodious secrets; stir no limb,
But lie along the marge and wait,
Till, deep and pregnant as with fate,
Fine as a star-beam, crystal-clear,
Each ripple grows upon the ear.

And then he adds:—

I dare not follow that broad flood
Of Poesy, whose lusthood
Nourishes mighty lands, and makes
Resounding music for their sakes;
I lie beside the well-head clear
With musing joy, with tender fear,
And choose for half a day to lean
Thus on my elbow where the green
Margin-grass and silver-white
Starry buds, the wind's delight,
Thirsting steer, nor goat-hoof rude
Of the branch-sundering Satyr brood
Has ever pashed.

Here the poetry is entirely outside the poet, and a mere reflection of external nature. The bubbles are not the ferment of his imagination, but only the ripples of a pool; and he enjoys rather than creates. It is this mirror-like, reflective state of mind which marks Mr. Dowden's muse; and, though it is not without its charm in certain cases, it fails to show poetical genius, or more than a cultivated sense of conventional sentiment. In "La Révélation par le Désert" there is a more robust display; but here, too, the literary varnish is more conspicuous than natural feeling. It may be said, also, that one fault which culture seems to develop in this instance is the use of long and cumbersome words. A great deal of the language is double-headed—that is, two distinct words being bound together by a hyphen, as if the conjunction produced some magical effect, such as "liquid-sweet," "eye-mesmerism," "swan-song," "dew-drenched," "never-filled," "up-running," "sea-creatures," and so on. At the same time, although these poems cannot be assigned a high place, there are several of them, such as "La Révélation," already mentioned, the "Heroines," and some of the shorter poems, which are decidedly above the common average of poetical expression.

Mr. Jemmett Browne's† verse has an easy movement like the abbot's "ambling pad," and lulls the reader by its inoffensive fluency; it is usually sensible, and there is a tone of mild humour in some parts, but it is not entrancing. It reads like Locker, only not so well finished, and with less in it. The illustrations by Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Crane, and others, and the gay binding and good margins, render the book suitable for a drawing-room table.

Mr. Gilbert first gained his fame by his ballads‡ before he became known as a successful dramatist, and this may perhaps be the reason why some people think more of his ballads than of his plays. The former are modestly described by the author as consisting of "much sound and little sense"; but this only means

that the meaning does not always lie on the surface. There are some of the pieces which are deep indeed for those who can get to the bottom of them; but we do not recommend this exercise to the general reader. On the face of it, the book is a *bonne bouche* of good fun, audacious and unrestrained, and with genuine humour in it. It is not a volume that any one could read straight through all at once; but nothing can be better for taking up at a dull moment. Mr. Gilbert's pictures are as grotesque as his verse, and the two together may be warranted to put anybody out of countenance.

The selection of photographs of Mr. Simpson's original drawings illustrative of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, which has been published under the title of *Shikare and Tomasha**, is not only a pleasant memorial of the event, but has a special value on account of the remarkable artistic ability and power of portraying character which are shown in the pictures. The artist has thoroughly caught the different types of the Indian population, and indeed all his sketches have an air of natural truth and reality. He does not attempt to produce theatrical grouping or effects, but gives an honest, unvarnished picture, which is all the more effective because effect is so little aimed at. The formality of the State receptions and the free-and-easy ways of the Prince's party on private excursions are amusingly contrasted; and the sporting incidents are treated with great spirit.

A series of twenty-one fine engravings of landscapes by eminent British artists has been brought out under the title of *English Scenery*†, and makes a very beautiful and attractive book. The artists include Turner, David Cox, Nasmyth, Louthborough, Linnell, Pyne, J. Ward, &c.; and the engravings display the vigour and finish of competent hands. The scenes depicted are taken from all parts of the kingdom, and are all picturesque and favourite spots.

Part of Mr. Rowan's work called *The Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada*‡ originally appeared as contributions to the *Field*, but it also contains fresh matter. It is mainly written with a view to give information about Canada, not to working-class emigrants, but to another class for whom the writer thinks that that country is particularly suitable—that is, "people of small fortunes whose means, though ample to enable them to live well in Canada, are insufficient to meet the demands of rising expenses at home." He cites an example of advertisements in this style:—"A young gentleman of good family, a good rider, a first-class shot, and fond of country pursuits, would be obliged for information as to what colony he would be most likely to succeed in as a farmer," &c.; and shows the absurdity of young fellows who are unable to do anything at home imagining that they have only to go to a colony to find a good opening, where, in fact, their accomplishments and pretensions will only be a dead-weight on them. He insists upon the necessity of penniless young men who intend to try colonial life learning, in addition to their other education, at least one trade or handicraft—such as carpentry, saddlery, or turning, how to shear sheep with their own hands, to feed stock, and a practical knowledge of the various things which a backwoods farmer has to turn his hand to. He warns a newly-arrived emigrant with money not to be in a hurry to invest it, but to look well about him before he makes a venture. We are told that it is a delusion to think that a man who has to work for a livelihood in Canada can find time or opportunity to enjoy good sport, or that the bush is "very jolly." A man without funds must work hard, and be ready to take to anything that turns up. Still to a man with an income of, say, 300*l.* a year, who is fond of outdoor occupations, Canada, in Mr. Rowan's opinion, offers great advantages, especially if this class would combine to form a settlement. The family of such an immigrant, he says, will have better openings than at home; his income will go further than in England, and he will find pleasant society and a little inexpensive sport. Then he goes on to enumerate other attractions; such as that any good man can be a somebody in Canada; land can be got; there are fewer class prejudices and more friendship and sociability than in the old country; the climate, though severe, is bracing and exhilarating; and there is more freedom of movement. In short, Mr. Rowan presents a very favourable picture of Canadian life, as far at least as the middle class, with a little money, is concerned. He gives also interesting information as to agriculture and other resources of the country, its game and sports, and the social and industrial condition of the people. One merit of the book is that it is written in a plain, straightforward, and manly style.

George Linton§ is also a picture of colonial life, the scene being laid in South Africa; but the plan of it is rather a mistake. It is thrown into the form of a novel, but the writer assures us that it represents "localities which do exist, and the pith of incidents which have occurred," and that they set forth "the substantial truth, unspiced by sensationalism, and unconstrained by the rules of constructive art." This last remark is very true. The writer has no sort of qualification for writing a novel, and he only spoils the value of the book as a work of information by making it a confused and scrappy story, with characters and incidents which excite very little interest. Here and there we come upon a passage which brings out the peculiarities and hardships of life in a new settle-

* *Shikare and Tomasha: a Souvenir of the Visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India.* By W. Simpson. W. M. Thompson.

† *English Scenery Illustrated by Eminent British Artists.* Virtue & Co.

‡ *The Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada: some Experiences of an Old Country Settler.* By John J. Rowan. E. Stanford.

§ *George Linton; or, the First Years of an English Colony.* By John Robinson, F.R.G.S. Macmillan & Co.

* *Poems.* By Edward Dowden. H. S. King & Co.

† *Songs of Many Seasons.* By Jemmett Browne. Illustrated by Du Maurier, Crane, Morgan, &c. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

‡ *Fifty Bab Ballads.* By W. S. Gilbert. With Illustrations by the Author. Routledge.

ment, and the courage and endurance which are acquired under such conditions; but, on the whole, the style of the book is rather vulgar, and the matter dull and tiresome.

Mr. Butler's *Public Schools Atlas of Modern Geography**, which seems to be highly appreciated by the class for which it was designed, is now supplemented by a companion volume, in a similar style, dealing with ancient geography. It contains twenty-eight plates, very clear and distinct in lettering and physical features; and special care has been taken to make the maps and plans serviceable as illustrations to classical authors. The editor remarks very justly that the habit, when reading any work of history, of tracing on a map the movements of armies is very useful in youth, as it helps to fix both historical and geographical details in the memory. He also points out that some modern historians are very careless in their geography, and require to have their descriptions corrected by reference to a good map. Mommsen, for instance, in his account of the battle of Lake Trasimene, speaks of the field of battle as "a narrow defile between two steep mountain walls," which it is difficult to identify with the actual scene, where the hills of which Mommsen makes so much present no insuperable obstacles.

Mr. Charles Shaw, the Under-Treasurer of the Middle Temple, has brought out a *Calendar of the Inns of Court*†, containing a detailed and comprehensive record of the members of that body, and the conditions of admission, examination, and honours. As far as we are aware, there is no other work of the kind which gives such a complete view of the English Bar in all its aspects, personal and official; and it may be supposed therefore to supply a want which has no doubt long been felt. It gives lists of the various courts and judges, together with the subordinate legal officers and their principal officials; and of barristers, students, and members practising under the Bar, with the dates of admission and call, academical degrees, appointments, circuits, &c. There is also full information as to the regulations of the Inns of Court, and biographical notices of the Judges and of members of the Bar who have in any way distinguished themselves. The *Calendar* appears to have been carefully and accurately prepared, and makes a handsome volume.

Mr. Goodeve has rendered a service to the public in making a digest of the law relating to railway passengers‡, including the respective duties, rights, and liabilities of the Companies on the one hand and passengers on the other, as laid down by the statutes and the decisions of the Superior Courts. The various points are treated in a clear, yet concise, manner; and it is to be hoped that this little work will be widely studied so that people may know what are their rights, and take steps to maintain them. It is only by vigilant and vigorous action on the part of the public themselves in enforcing compensation from Railway Companies for breaches of contract and accidents arising from neglect and mismanagement that a check will be placed on the monstrous abuses of the present system; and it would certainly be worth while to establish a co-operative society for the purpose. A body of decisions might thus be obtained which would, in some degree, keep the Companies in order.

Mr. Skinner's *Stock Exchange Year-Book*§ gives a list of every Joint-Stock Company and public security known to the markets of the United Kingdom, with particulars as to the origin, history, and present position of each. It appears to be a careful and trustworthy compilation.

* *The Public Schools Atlas of Ancient Geography*. Edited by Rev. G. Butler. Longmans & Co.

† *The Inns of Court Calendar*. Edited by Charles Shaw, Under-Treasurer of the Middle Temple.

‡ *Railway Passengers and Railway Companies; their Duties, Rights, and Liabilities*. By L. A. Goodeve. Stevens.

§ *The Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1877*. By Thomas Skinner. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

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